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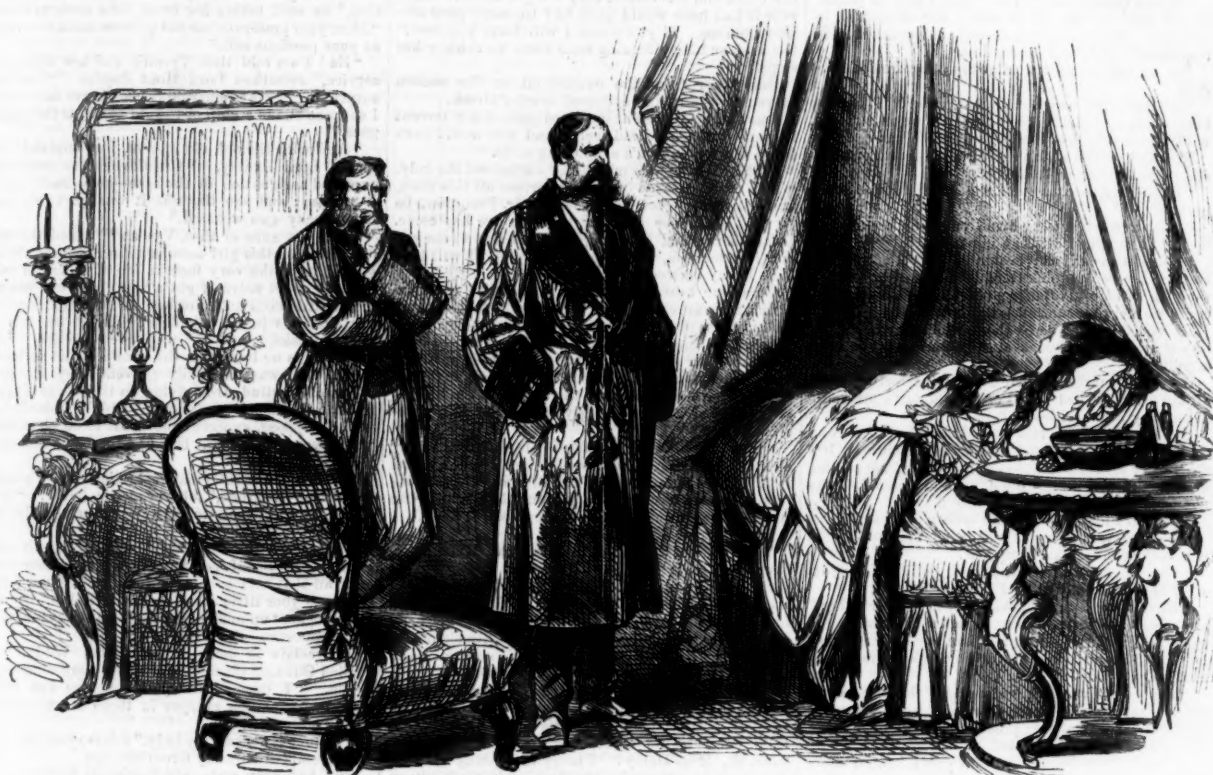
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[DARCY'S CHILD.]

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,
THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sybil's Inheritance," "Evelyn's Plot," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms the maiden dropped,
And died to succour me.

It was a wonderful contrast that was presented to the eyes of the two young noblemen in that dark and extensive Conigre Wood.

The fainting form of Geraldine, who had so utterly succumbed to the mere terror that an averted danger produced, lying helplessly in the arms of the Duke of St. Maur, and carefully and tenderly succoured by the wounded and heroic girl who had saved her life.

And yet there was such a childlike innocence in the lovely young daughter of Sir Ralph, and the duke was so wearied of the conventional damsels of a London season, that for the moment Geraldine's very timidity and helplessness gave her a new and touching charm.

"What can we do with her, young lady?" he said. "I fear she will never be able to ride back to Mont Aspen Court, and there does not appear to be any house near."

Rosalind hesitated. Her father's commands had been so stringent that she dared scarcely carry out her first impulse and suggest her own cottage as a refuge for the invalid, yet surely the most severe judge could not blame her for breaking his rules on such an occasion.

"I—I am afraid it would be too far for the young lady to walk even to my father's cottage," she said, hesitatingly. "But perhaps I could ride her horse to the nearest lodge, and get assistance. It is at the entrance to the wood."

Lord Dudley gave her an admiring glance, that

fortunately escaped both her own and St. Maur's notice.

"Good Heavens! the idea of your attempting to ride with your arm wounded!" he exclaimed. "It is impossible!"

"Oh, I am too much accustomed to it to be afraid," she returned, quietly; "and no one else would find the place; I mean so quickly. I am afraid we cannot restore the young lady without some help," she added, gazing down on Geraldine's still-closed eyes.

But at the moment a faint sigh and quivering of the eyelids betrayed returning consciousness, and Rosalind redoubled her cares at the promising symptoms.

Some brandy was successfully poured between the half-opened lips of the patient, and Rosalind managed to relieve the tight clasp of the habit, which had retarded the circulation—albeit, her powerless hand made the task a difficult one.

Lord Dudley watched her every gesture and movement with a keen, though carefully veiled attention.

He noticed the extreme grace of her most unconscious attitude, her white, beautifully moulded fingers, and the air of refinement over her whole figure and mien.

"Miss Tyrell," he said, at length, "you cannot do more. I insist on your attending a little to your own injuries, which, alas! I no unwittingly inflicted. St. Maur, you can support Miss Darcy till she fully recovers, while I venture to be surgeon to her preserver."

He attempted to take Rosalind's wounded arm in his gentle grasp, but she involuntarily recoiled from the uncontrollable glances of passionate admiration that flashed from his dark eyes, which she rather felt than saw.

"Oh, it is nothing; it will bleed a little, but it will be quite easy when it is properly bound up," she said. "Only now that the young lady is better I think I will go home. Shall I send any one to the Court for a carriage?" she added, faintly, for she knew that her strength would not much longer sustain the loss of blood and pain, though she was de-

termined not to yield to a weakness that would entail most dreaded and officious care from the strangers.

Clinton St. Maur looked sharply at the girl's face; there was a deathlike pallor fast spreading over her features that was far more ominous than Geraldine's passing swoon.

The young duke had in early manhood been trained for a soldier's life, and he recognised the bloodless hue which the drain of life blood spreads over the warmest skin.

And she was suffering, that beautiful, heroic girl, from her own daring courage—her very existence might depend on the staunching of that wound, which was incurred on Geraldine's behalf.

Clinton was in love, with a sudden, ardent passion. But yet he uneasily compared those two pale and suffering girls, and his sense of justice prompted him to suspend his tender precious care of his beautiful burden.

"Will you permit me to look at your arm, Miss Tyrell?" he said, respectfully. "I have often dressed wounds, and have some idea what they require. It may save you, and those who love you, much suffering," he added, gently.

There was something in his voice and manner that awakened Rosalind's interest, and induced her to lift those wonderful eyes of hers, as if to test his real truth and meaning.

It was an electric-like exchange of sentiment that the momentary gaze into each other's hearts, as it were, passed through those two so widely separated in station; yet, from that instant, there was a strange submission of her will to his.

She quietly permitted him to look at the white arm which her loose-hanging sleeve easily exposed to view, and it was faintly streaked by the crimson lines of her pure blood.

Clinton held it in his hand with the respect he would have shown to an empress.

Not one slight pressure, not a thoughtless touch, could offend her proud sensitiveness.

No one could possibly have betrayed less obtrusive consciousness that his patient was young and lovely.



"This is a deeper injury than I had hoped," he said as he gently pressed the spot immediately round the wound and perceived the girl's involuntary shrinking from the pain it inflicted. "I fear there are some shot in the flesh which ought instantly to be removed. Have you courage and faith to allow me to probe it?"

Rosalind smiled faintly. She would have borne a far more desperate operation from that earnest, noble-looking man. Besides, it might save her father from anxiety and pain.

"If you think it ought to be done, I will be thankful for you to take the trouble," she murmured, in her sweet, clear tones, that scarcely trembled even in that hour of pain and exhaustion.

But at the moment a faint cry came from Geraldine.

"Oh, take her away, take her away! I cannot bear to look on blood!" she gasped as her eyes strained wildly at the sight of the girl's injured arm.

Rosalind moved within the shade of the thick trees, and signed to Clinton to follow.

"Some persons cannot endure it," she said, apologetically.

"Not even when their own lives have been saved by it," he returned, with an impatient shrug.

"No, not even then; besides, she does not understand. Please be quick, and return to her," added the girl, with an involuntary sharpness for which she could scarcely account even to herself.

He raised the sleeve to the very shoulder, and, as he did so, he remarked a strange scar near the very armpit.

A most remarkable scar it was, perfectly unlike all the tales he had heard or read of birth-marks or hereditary peculiarities of race.

A kind of circular row was disclosed, as if strong teeth had been imprinted on that soft skin and left their very mould behind—albeit the progress of time and growth had rather filled up and smoothed the deeper dents which they had once made.

Rosalind's look followed his with a faint smile.

"You are wondering at the scar," she said. "It is a very peculiar one, I suppose."

"Can you account for it, Miss Tyrell? Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" asked Clinton.

"Never, that I can remember, or my father either," she replied, "though there is another row of the same kind underneath, as if I had once been seized by one. But please do not lose any time," she added, anxiously.

"Are you so very much alarmed?" he asked as he quickly took out a small case from his pocket and selected from it a tiny probe, which he introduced into the orifice of the wound.

It must have been a painful operation, far more severe than the first infliction of the injury, and it was necessary to move the probe about and irritate the very tenderest part.

But after the first involuntary gasp Rosalind never uttered one groan, and held her arm firmly stretched out without one shrinking and bailing gesture, till the tiny instrument was withdrawn with one or two small shut attached to its point.

"Miss Tyrell, you ought to have been a soldier. I never saw one bear pain so bravely," said the duke, carefully wrapping up the injured limb in his own handkerchief, then making a sling of a scarf he took from his throat. "Miss Darcy will reproach her own feebleness when she knows what you have endured for her."

"Then do not tell her. It is so different for many one brought up as she has been," returned the girl. "Miss Darcy has been reared in sunshine."

"And you—have you been more hardly dealt with?" he asked, curiously.

"No, no. My father is but too good and gentle to me," she answered, eagerly. "But sometimes he is sad and anxious, and we have of course more hardships than you who are nobly born," she added, with a pretty shake of her head.

"And in some cases more happiness," he responded; "but perhaps you are right, Miss Tyrell. We had better not lose any more time."

Whether from alarm for the heiress or the humble maiden could not perhaps be determined, but the duke led the way hurriedly back to the more open space where they had left Geraldine and Lord Dudley.

But the group had increased during their absence.

Lady Greville and her cavalier were on the scene, and the little ambassador was inspecting the young invalid with a strangely compounded expression, which changed completely as she turned to the wounded girl.

"Then this is the heroine who saved Miss Darcy's life," she said, holding out her hand. "It is a service beyond price, fair girl," she added, gazing on Rosalind's face, "and I suspect you would not even accept a reward."

"I have had one already," murmured the girl.

"In being tended by a duke," whispered Mr. Farquhar, who was Lady Greville's companion.

"But you must come with us," resumed Lady Greville. "I have already sent for a carriage to convey Miss Darcy, and I must insist on your accompanying us and receiving proper care and attention. Sir Ralph will be eager to thank you in person."

"I neither wish for nor merit thanks," returned the girl, haughtily, as she perceived Lord Dudley's significant smile. "I knew there were strangers in the wood, and felt certain they were in danger. Whoever it had been would have had the same poor service from me. If you please I will leave you now," she said, suddenly turning from them to retrace her steps.

But either from the excitement or the sudden movement the wound appeared to open afresh.

The girl staggered as the blood gushed in a torrent from the arm; her head reeled, and she would have fallen but for Clinton's supporting arms.

"This is all simple madness," exclaimed the lady. "The girl has been enduring torture all this time, and her powers give way at last. Mr. Farquhar, be so good as to see whether the carriage has come. Duke, there need be no appeal. Please to convey our little heroine, while Lord Dudley and I will lead Miss Darcy between us."

Geraldine heard this arrangement with a vague distrust towards her preserver, for which she felt an uneasy sense of shame. Her own faintness was well nigh past. She knew that it was her bounden duty to express her gratitude to her preserver—to offer her utmost help in her suffering, yet she shrank from approaching her or meeting the eyes that she had so recently seen bent admiringly on her beautiful preserver.

"You are still weak and faint. Lean more heavily on me, Miss Darcy," said Lord Dudley. "The shock to the nerves is far more painful than any physical injury. I daresay you will suffer much longer than the wounded damsel who seems to engross St. Maur."

The girl obeyed instantly.

They walked on, with the Duke and Rosalind in front.

Geraldine and Lord Dudley glanced that Clinton clasped more closely than was needful that slight form—that he gazed down with ceaseless agony on the pallid face—that he smoothed away with blameable freedom the shining tresses that flowed over her face as the hat fell back from its restraint.

"It is astonishing how natural the position seems to be to both," sneered Dudley to his fair companion, who was heavily leaning on his arm. "One would think it was by no means the first time it had been tried, eh, Miss Darcy? I fancy the young girl understands how to make the best of her advantage after all her proud reserve. You have yet to learn these womanly arts, my beautiful Miranda," he murmured. "You are as transparent as the very breath of Heaven."

Geraldine did not repulse him. Her heart was sick and her head giddy, and beyond all was that gnawing, dead pain of jealousy, which had never before entered with its barbed arrow into her soul.

She would gladly have endured that pain to have won such care—to have been supported in those arms—to have heard the anxious tones which soothed the sufferer during the drive home.

But they fell unheeded on the ears for which they were intended. Rosalind's powers had given way at last. Her hands were ice cold and her features pale and rigid during the drive home.

Yet the wound did not appear to bleed anew, and the fresh air blew revivingly as they passed rapidly along.

The duke and Lady Greville exchanged looks of alarm. They both experienced an uneasy feeling that there was some serious injury than had yet been discovered. Would it be too late to remedy the mischief? Was the peerless girl to fall a victim to her noble heroism to an unknown stranger?

Clinton St. Maur had dressed with a most sublime unconsciousness of the toilette he was making on that eventful evening.

His mind was engrossed with Rosalind Tyrell and her danger—ay, and perhaps his own.

What madness even to dream of the beauty of an obscure village girl—the daughter of a mere out-door domestic of his host.

The blood of the St. Maurs rushed headlong to his face at the very idea of such plebeian attraction. Yet he could not but confess that Geraldine's childlike loveliness paled to an insipid tint before the image of that splendid girl.

"I will not even think of her, much less see her more!" he exclaimed, after his valet had gone to inquire for the sixth time after the sufferer. "But it is but common humanity to be anxious till she is quite out of danger."

"If you please, your grace, the young person is in bed, and is to be kept very quiet. They are afraid she may be feverish, your grace."

Clinton nodded. He literally feared the comments of his own valet where this bewitching girl was in question. He left the apartment to join the party in the drawing-room. Geraldine was already there—the very perfection of soft, delicate, timid loveliness, as he approached her, with cheeks still somewhat blanched, and lips that almost asked for a reassuring embrace in their quivering, child-like pout.

"I am rejoiced to see you are equal to this exertion," he said, taking her hand for a moment in his. "I fear your preserver has not quite so much recovered as your precious self."

"Ha! I am told that Tyrell's girl has done good service," remarked Lord Mont Aspen. "I am not surprised. He is a remarkably cool, brave fellow, and I suppose she is a chip of the old block, as the phrase goes."

"And with the old, old motive, I understand," observed Lord Dudley. "I believe there was some expected assignation in the case—some rustic lover, I suppose; and she thought it was all over, when my sully king went off."

"Are you sure of that, Vyvian?" asked the earl.

"I have seen this girl once or twice, and she always seemed to be the very incarnation of pride and coldness. I could scarcely get a word from her when I took a little civil notice of her for her father's sake."

"That was just it, my dear lord. It was not for her own sake, you see," responded Dudley. "My authority is no less than the cousin of the fortunate swain, who was unhappily prevented by the stern bonds of servitude from flying on the wings of love; in plain English, he is your lordship's under-bailiff, who, I suppose, expected the coast to be clear when 'papa was at the hunt,' but had to obey a summons to join the party."

"Then my daughter may feel relieved from a heavy weight of gratitude," observed Sir Ralph. "It is rather to Fate than to this young person that her gratitude is due."

"Or, rather, to Providence," put in Lady Greville, gravely. "But I must confess I do rather doubt after all that this same fair Rosalind did not intend to rescue your little Geraldine, Sir Ralph. At any rate, she kept up most nobly till Miss Darcy recovered her composure—did she not, duke?"

"Porcelain is more delicate than Wedgwood," replied Clinton, placing himself by Geraldine on the couch. "I daresay the young person has had a good many narrow escapes in these secret assignations before now."

"Dinner is served, my lady," interrupted the retort that trembled on Lady Greville's lips.

She had been strangely fascinated by the tale of that brave, beautiful girl's heroism, and could scarcely picture to herself the plebeian love-making of which she had been accused.

"There is more true aristocracy there than in the pretty little Darcy," she confided to Mr. Farquhar. "And I mean to make acquaintance with her father, in order to decide whether the fairies were at work when she was born."

"Ah, that all comes from your foreign training, Lady Greville," replied the bachelor thus addressed. "Even sober, practical English people seem to get infected with German superstitions. But in our cool-headed ideas no mere physical accidents should raise one rank to the level of another; and I should not be surprised if this girl be ruined for life by this vaunted deed. If I were Sir Ralph I should give the father fifty pounds—for the doctor's bill and loss of his daughter's services—and have done with it. The sooner she is out of the house, and all this fuss about her ended, the better for herself. That's my idea, Lady Greville."

"But not mine," rejoined the little ambassador, turning resolutely to her neighbour, and the subject was not renewed for the remainder of the repast.

CHAPTER IX.

For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.

"I HAVE kept my word," said Sanders as Sir Ralph entered his room late on that same evening. "There are few things that baffle me, I can assure you, and even in this strange house I have influence enough to find out many of its secrets, or control its tenants. For instance, I assured your man that I would take his place at your toilette this night, and if you choose, I can obtain you a glimpse of what it may import you to see, Sir Ralph."

"You may perhaps get your friends out of their berths by your officiousness," remarked Sir Ralph, sternly. "Monson will have his dismissal if he should venture on such insolence again."

"For allowing me the pleasure of waiting on you at your toilette, Sir Ralph? Surely you would

not be so very inconsiderate," returned Sanders. "It is far better than a repetition of the nocturnal dodge I tried last night. It's one of my principles never to run any unnecessary risk; but you have not always acted upon it, Sir Ralph. One or two of your little escapades were very unnecessary, I must still think. However, that is past. It is with the present we have to deal, and there is enough to do, I can tell you, to keep matters straight. I have heard of the unlucky business to-day with your daughter and Miss Tyrell."

"I suppose so. Servants of course exaggerate. I shall give the girl or her father a reward and have done with it," was the impatient reply. "What have you to say as to my proposal of last night?"

"Matters are altered to-day, Sir Ralph. If I do entertain it I must be still more handsomely paid than was proposed. That girl is in herself a dangerous rival for Miss Geraldine."

"Do not be so foolish, Sanders," returned Sir Ralph, angrily. "If you venture on one more such insolent allusion to what does not concern you I shall decline any further transactions with you. I can do perfectly well without your assistance."

"Don't be too certain, Sir Ralph," said Sanders, changing his sarcastic tone to one of more determination. "I tell you that you are at my mercy. I know that of which you are ignorant, as well as what would be ruin to you to make public—secrets that have lain buried under the ruins of Darcy Abbey for many a long year. I told you that I could produce Marcus Darcy in a short time. What if I should choose to do so?"

"And in another day see him in prison as a felon," returned Sir Ralph, scornfully.

"Or in the Manor as its master, with perhaps an heiress as fair as your own to its wealth and name," said the man, significantly.

"Idiot, he had no child. It died the same night that the Grange was destroyed. I scarcely think he was likely to marry again," answered the baronet.

"He has a daughter, and a fair one, worthy of her race," said Sanders, firmly. "Marcus is no profligate, and he loved his wife well and faithfully. Perhaps there may have been a girl born to him before then," he suggested, thoughtfully, "for if I can guess aright, this daughter will be nearly as old, or even older, than the period of which you speak."

"Pray where is she—this wonderful Minerva?" observed Sir Ralph. "I suppose she sprang from the ground, according to your theory, for I can safely aver he had but the boy, who died when only a few hours old. In fact, I know that it was desperation on that score which drove him to such crimes."

"Hush, do not utter such frightful untruths when unnecessary," returned the man, bitterly; "but I suppose it is second nature, and you are afraid to break through it, like a false skin that might tear if it were put off. Will you be convinced if I show her to you? If I tell you that she is near—in this very house, and that by a strange fatality she has saved your daughter's life?"

Sir Ralph started to his feet, and glared on his companion like a tiger.

"The falsehood is too absurd, Sanders. Take care you are not exposed as a scoundrelly impostor. As if Walter Tyrell's daughter, the huntsman at Mont Aspen, could be a Darcy. Why the very idea is preposterous. I saw him this very day, and this is his child."

"So I have been impressing on your mind, Sir Ralph. I am glad you are at last convinced," was the cool rejoinder.

There was a pause for a moment.

Ralph Darcy looked as if some extraordinary truth was dawning in his mind.

"Then you mean to imply that Walter Tyrell is Marcus Darcy?" he whispered, with an involuntary shudder.

Sanders nodded.

"Yet I did not recognise him! Good Heavens, how changed!—if it is true," muttered Sir Ralph, rather to himself than his companion.

"You are about right, Sir Ralph. He is changed; but not so much as yourself," answered Sanders, coolly. "Marcus Darcy has weathered sixteen or seventeen years of hardship and hard labour; but they are perhaps less barful than evil passions and a guilty conscience. His head is white, but not with age. His beard disguises the deep scar cross that was given by your hand when boys in your parents' house, and his face is bronzed with exposure and toil. Still there are the same fine features and the same proud mien that mark your race. And I can prove my words, if you dare me to do so."

He might have gone on for half an hour.

Sir Ralph's whole faculties seemed dulled by the tidings. The very atmosphere which was shared by this brother seemed poisoned to his guilty conscience.

"Sanders, if it is so—if you are right—even then it is impossible that this girl can be his daughter; un-

less you can prove to me a second marriage, and a child's birth."

"I am not quite so well up in that part of his history, Sir Ralph. But that this girl is and always has been brought up by him, and that he has sacrificed all he could do for a child, I am as certain of as that I stand within a few yards of the young lady herself; and I don't think any one could doubt it who saw her likeness to what you and I remember him."

"Then she is base born; she has no claim—no right. You are utterly collapsed in such a theory, Master Sanders," said the baronet, with a miserable attempt at jocularity. "It won't do to leap too high, you will fall over the horse, you know."

"Would you like to see her?" asked Sanders, calmly. "Yes, to see her, when you can well study every feature, without fear of interruption, or the changes that might alter the actual likeness? If so, come with me."

"Whither?"

"To her chamber, where she is lying insensible for the time of all external objects—her brain wandering and fevered, her fitful slumber broken by pains. There is no danger. She will not distinguish you from the handsome duke, who won't forget her in a hurry, I suspect."

Sir Ralph hesitated.

"I should be seen by the servant. It is too great a risk. There is no cause for such a proceeding. Yet, I might be better satisfied that you are perfectly frantic in such a fancy, Sanders."

"Do not be alarmed, Sir Ralph. I have taken precautions that you will not be discovered. Lady Greville's maid was to sit up with her to-night, and she could never open her lips or use her eyes without my permission. And it may simplify matters for you to see with your own eyes."

The baronet hesitated, but the miserable restlessness which the man's words conjured up prevailed over fear and pride.

He rose from the chair in which he had sunk, and motioned the man to lead the way.

A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Sanders's face, but he made no outward demonstration of triumph; there was even an ostentatious display of respect and deference as he piloted his willful master along the passages to the sufferer's chamber.

The door was slightly ajar.

Sir Ralph passed cautiously through the aperture as if to reconnoitre the scene as they entered.

But all was still.

There was but the heavy breathing of a slumbering nurse, who reclined in an easy-chair in a distant recess, and the faint, irregular starting moans, that spoke of feverish pain, from the curtained bed.

Even Sir Ralph's fears were calmed at the extreme repose of the whole *entourage*, and he pushed open the noiseless door and entered.

Rosalind lay on the snow-white pillows, her beautiful face flushed, and her eyes unnaturally brilliant, as they roved about with troubled eagerness, apparently unconscious of the objects on which they rested.

Yet there were faint moans from her lips, that spoke of an acute and rapid brain, on which the past and the present were as vivid as in her days of health.

"Go to her, Sir Ralph," whispered Sanders, and the baronet stole softly to the bed side.

He gazed anxiously, as one whose whole soul is on the object which lies before him.

The lineaments which he perused had never before met his eye, yet they were but too familiar to his mind.

Those large almond-shaped, violet eyes, with their long silky curtains, and the peculiarly shaped lids, the delicate aquiline nose, the curved though full lips, and the broad brow were the hereditary type of the Darcy race, and on the white throat, immediately beneath the right ear, was the very tiniest horse-shoe-shaped mark that could be clearly distinguished on the snowy skin.

"Look here!" whispered Sanders, pointing to the wounded arm, which lay bare over the coverlid in burning pain that sought freedom and air.

And there, above the wound and close to the shoulder, were the strange tooth dents that had attracted the attention of the Duke of St. Maur.

Sir Ralph shuddered at the sight, though he could have scarcely told what emotion thus agitated him at the moment.

An instinct dictated the unwelcome conviction that such remarkable prints of nature and of man could not be mistaken.

Whether a Darcy, or of humbler origin, that fair girl bore her true birth register indelibly on her person.

He was just turning away when she began to speak in an almost inaudible tone, though the voice was singularly clear, even in her weakness and suffering.

"He is kind—kind; but yet she is so beautiful! It

was because I saved her. And why not? I can never win such love, never—never! But still, he said I was of more value for my bravery than that weak and fainting girl. Oh, she is happy—happy! My father, I do love you; and yet—and yet it is dreary sometimes."

Then the voice died away in fainter murmurs, and a confused sound of less regular breathing from the attendant counselled a speedy retreat to the listeners.

"Are you satisfied, Sir Ralph?" asked Sanders, coolly. "Dare you tell me that you do not believe the blood of your race flows in that girl's veins?"

"She may be a Darcy," returned Sir Ralph, thoughtfully.

"She may be? I could stake my very existence on it," replied Sanders, resolutely. "And, what is more, I would wager the Darcy estates that she would carry off their rent-roll in the very face of your pretty little girl if she had the chance. All is at stake. Now, Sir Ralph, count the cost. One half your estates would not be too much to conceal the blighting truth that Marcus Darcy and his daughter are defrauded of their rights, and that it needs but one word from me to hurl you and yours into shame and disgrace."

"Hush, hush! walls may have ears. Sanders, be reasonable. I will do all that I can in conscience; only convey these hideous phantoms from my sight, and nothing that you can ask will be too much to rid my life of the incubus that has rested on it. But you must do all—all! carry out my plans, be my agent, realise the hopes that have danced before me for years, then your own wildest expectations shall be more than fulfilled. Sanders, I will not be trifled with. Either you must devote to me body and soul, or else I will dare all, and defy you, as a revengeful scoundrel unworthy of credence."

Sanders shrugged his shoulders with a scornful smile, but the next moment he seemed to reconsider his resolve, and his mobile face changed suddenly.

"Well, there is sense in that, Sir Ralph. I like a man that speaks out, and all things considered, I believe I shall accept your terms, if they are liberal. It will save trouble; I am not so young as I have been, and shall like a provision for life. Now what have you to propose?"

Sir Ralph motioned him to a seat near him, and for some time after they remained in earnest conversation.

When Sanders left the apartment the fate of Walter Tyrell and his daughter had been remorselessly decided upon by the worthy confederates in a dark and twisted plot.

Rosalind Tyrell awoke on the following morning after that memorable night with a vague feeling of terror and suffering that for some moments she could not define. All was so strange around her—the chamber, the bed, in their spacious magnificence as compared with her own small, humble chamber, and then the sense of pain and feverish discomfort in a frame that had hitherto never known ailment or suffering, was in itself a new and alarming feature to her young mind.

By degrees the whole events of the past day recurred to her mind, the stained bandage on her arm, the aching and the feebleness of her whole system recalled but too plainly the whole occurrence.

And with that returning consciousness rose up an image such as she had figured to herself in her dreams—young, noble, chivalrous; but which she had now, for the first time, seen realised in actual life.

Should she see him again?

Should she hear his rich voice, and feel rather than meet the earnest, tender sympathy and admiration which his eyes had so unmistakably expressed.

She looked round the room as if expecting to see his tall figure watching over her, as he had done during the long painful drive home.

But there was only a woman of some thirty-five years of age, dressed in a large wrapper, and with heavy, half-closed eyes, as if she had been vainly seeking slumber during the night.

"Oh, you are awake, are you?" she said. "I suppose I had better go and tell my lady, and ask her to send some one else, for I am quite wearied out with sitting up, and I don't see that I am called on to do it; but ladies have such queer whims."

"I am very sorry," said Rosalind, gently. "Did Lady Mont Aspen send you to me?"

"Bless you, no; it's Lady Greville, a friend of hers, who is staying here; and she was riding with Lady Beatrice Vernon, and Miss Darcy, and two or three gentlemen when the accident happened, though they had gone into the other side of the wood. And she took it into her head that there wasn't half enough fuss made about it, especially by my lord and lady themselves, and she would not be satisfied unless I sat up with you. But I'm sure there's been enough done. Why, Sir Ralph Darcy came to see how you were in the night, though he didn't speak, and thought I wasn't awake."

"He is very kind. I suppose it was his daughter who fainted?" asked Rosalind.

"Yes. Of course she is more tender than the likes of you and me, Miss Tyrell, if that's your name. But, dear me, I must go to my lady. It's half-past nine, and they breakfast at ten."

And she hurried off without waiting for a reply.

Rosalind felt strangely desolate.

Where was her father? Surely he must have been alarmed at her prolonged absence, and would come to ask for his child, perhaps only to be refused admission in that proud mansion, where she was only sheltered on sufferance.

"I will get up and go away at once!" she exclaimed. "He shall not be an hour longer without his Rosa."

But there were two insuperable difficulties to this arrangement.

Her clothes had all been removed, and when she attempted to raise herself in a sitting posture her head actually whirled with the giddiness of pain and exhaustion.

"Father, father, why will you not come?" she murmured. "Take me away from here. It is so desolate and lonely."

"Not so, my dear Miss Tyrell," said a sweet voice, and, starting round, she perceived an elegantly dressed woman standing on the other side of the bed from that where she was lying. "I assure you that you have some most interested friends here, and I must introduce myself as Lady Greville, though it is not our first meeting, and I feel perfectly well acquainted with you. Do you feel better?"

"Oh, yes, much better. I should like to get up and go home, please," pleaded Rosalind. "My father will be so uneasy."

"I have no doubt that has been cared for already," replied Lady Greville, sitting down by her. "It is impossible for you to leave the house for a day or two. Is there any one else you are anxious about?" she added, watching the girl's changing colour.

"Oh, no—no one. At least, I hope Miss Darcy is better," added the girl, rousing herself to meet her graceful visitor's kindly condescension.

"She was quite well last night, and the Duke of St. Maur was most assiduous in his care of her," laughed the lady; "but, I forget, you cannot know the names of these people. It was the duke who carried you to the carriage. I suppose you quite won his heart by saving Geraldine Darcy's life."

"They are engaged, I suppose, then?" said Rosalind, wearily.

Why should she even ask such a question? What could it signify to her?

"Oh, well, scarcely. At least, I never saw such strong symptoms as last night, after the fancied danger she had been in. Have not you some one to whom your bravery will make you more precious, my pretty heroine?" she added, playfully.

"Yes, my father," replied the girl, with a sudden access of dignity.

"No one else, and you so lovely!" reflected the little ambassador, *sotto voce*.

Then she resumed:

"I suppose you have never been out of England?"

"Yes, when I was a child. We travelled about, but I scarcely remember where," replied the girl.

"Can you speak any other language than your own then?"

Rosalind almost laughed.

"I fancy I should not be at a loss, Lady Greville, if I were sent on a wandering life again."

The lady next spoke in pure French, which might have befit a native of gay Paris, then Lady Greville carried on the conversation in Italian.

"How did you manage to retain such facility of language, Miss Tyrell?"

Again Rosalind returned her lead in the sweet Tuscan that the lady loved and spoke herself so gracefully.

"I have been carefully trained by my father. He speaks French and Italian and German almost as well as English."

"Ha, a courier," mentally decided the little lady, but she did not give utterance to the thought.

"Well, I rather fancy it is not very safe for you to exercise your polyglot powers just now, so I shall leave you at present, *ma belle blessée*, and report to the sharers of your adventure the morning's bulletin. We shall see each other several times yet, I expect," she added, with a kindly nod, as she left the room, and seemed to take with her all its brightness to Rosalind's eyes.

"Well, duke, I have been to see your little prodigy," she said, gaily, as she joined the young man on the terrace where he was lounging till the appearance of some of the party, "and really I believe she is the most extraordinary girl of her station that ever existed. A mere retainer's daughter, as you know, and she speaks French and Italian and I suspect German more fluently than I do. Is it not

cruel that she should be thrown away on some village lout?"

"I suppose she will be happier in her natural position and will only suffer from the injudicious training she must have received," said the duke, with constrained coldness. "But is she recovering from Vyvian's impromptu attack, Lady Greville?" he added, with a smile that had little of gaiety in it.

"She is very weak and suffering; but, as in yesterday's affair, she is more occupied with others than herself. She is extremely anxious about her father. I must ask Lord Mont Aspen to send to him," she observed. "It is strange they do not take more interest in the matter."

"I suppose they consider Sir Ralph is chiefly concerned in his daughter's rescue," returned the duke. "However, I will go myself immediately after breakfast to the 'Huntsman's Hut.' I am rather curious to see the paternity of such a singular damsel."

Lady Greville moved into the breakfast-room as her companion spoke.

There was something that puzzled and irritated her in the young man's bitter tone, yet she was herself rather doubtful as to the expediency of exciting the duke's interest in the obscure maiden, while she secretly conjured up a scheme that would amply atone for the injustice either of fortune or of mankind to this beautiful Rosalind of the forest.

Lord Mont Aspen was already there, but his face wore a perplexed and anxious expression as he exchanged greetings with his guests.

"There seems a fatality in those Conigre Woods," he said, gravely. "I sent early this morning for Tyrell to come up and see his daughter, but he is not in his cottage, and one of the under-keepers declares that he saw him go into the wood about four or five o'clock this morning. I suppose with the intention of coming up to the house. But he has not arrived. Yet I know he is excessively fond of the girl, and most tenacious of the very winds blowing upon her too roughly. In fact, I consider he has been really foolish in keeping her so entirely shut up. If anything happened to him she would be completely thrown adrift, after this hothouse training."

"He is a singular man altogether," returned the countess. "But surely no harm can have happened to him on our very domain, Hubert. Perhaps he has some business to do for you before he comes. Duke, will you give Lady Greville some of that chicken?"

Just as St. Maur was about to obey the behest of his hostess the butler entered and spoke a few words to the earl in a low tone.

"Good Heavens! how extraordinary!" exclaimed Lord Mont Aspen, his colour changing as he listened.

"I am afraid my worst fears are justified. They have found poor Tyrell's pocket-book and watch lying in the thickest part of the wood, and large drops of blood are still plain on the turf. There must have been some terribly foul play for a strong man like that to have yielded to any attack. I would have sworn he would have died on the spot rather than have cried for quarter. But it shall not go unpunished. I will not have another hour lost. The affair shall be sifted to the very bottom."

(To be continued.)

BARON BLOOMFIELD.—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal granting the dignity of a baron of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto the Right Hon. John Arthur Douglas, Baron Bloomfield, in that part of the said United Kingdom called Ireland, G.C.B., Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Bloomfield, of Ciamhallitha, in the county of Tipperary.

TEMPERATURE OF THE HIGHER AIR.—Mr. Coxwell, in an experimental balloon ascent from Hornsey, on July 31st, ascertained that at 7,856 feet elevation the thermometer had declined from 74 Fahr. at starting to 42 degrees. At a quarter of a mile from the earth there was a reduction of 4½ degrees. At half a mile high the thermometer indicated 63. When the barometer stood at 24.2 the temperature was 48; and at nearly a mile and a half it was ten degrees above freezing. The balloon employed was entirely new, constructed by the celebrated aeronaut for Mr. Ashton, who has made several ascents with Mr. Coxwell, and accompanied him on this interesting occasion.

Mdlle. Louise MULHACH.—The most popular amongst the female novel writers in Prussia, Mdlle. Louise Mulhach, has obtained permission to dedicate her latest work to Queen Augusta. It is rumoured at Berlin that she will be appointed reader to the Crown Princess on the return of the latter from her visit to our Queen at Osborne.

Mdlle. Louise Mulhach is one of the high moral writers of Germany. She has written fifteen of those highly moral romances in which the Germans delight—a painful of warm water to the tumbler of the milk of human kindness with which she seeks to extinguish the fire of youthful passion and the glow of youthful genius in her works.

THE TUILERIES GARDENS.—The return of the public to the gardens of the Tuileries was marked by as much sadness as joy. Most of the statues are defaced or wholly destroyed. The colossal figure of Peace, by Chaudet, is burnt by petroleum: the statue of Agrippina has lost her head and her right arm; Cybele points with the stump of her left arm to the missing skirt in which her missing right arm once held sundry fruits of the earth now missing likewise; Pradier's Prometheus is but little injured, while the Serpent-Charnier, dedicated by Clesinger to the Prince Imperial, belonging to the Jardin Réserve, was found literally riddled with shot, hacked with bayonets, and otherwise mutilated in the most disgraceful manner.

COMPLETION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—It is just twelve months since a scheme was inaugurated for the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral, in accordance with the designs of its great architect. Subscriptions were then announced amounting to 19,000*l.*, and since then only 18,400*l.* have been subscribed, but of the 37,000*l.* only 23,900*l.* is at present available, and this is stated to be totally inadequate to the work to be done. Upon a rough estimate it is thought that 250,000*l.* may be spent before the whole building can be called finally and thoroughly complete. The committee propose at once to undertake the decoration of the roof and walls of the choir and apse, and to fill the dome with mosaic in the place of Thornhill's grisaille pictures. The cost of this work will be 35,000*l.*

A SCHOOLBOY'S INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.—In a letter recently received by a gentleman residing at Wavertree from his son, who is studying in Germany, the following passages occur:—"We arrived at Ems at eight o'clock in the morning, after two hours' walk over the mountains from Coblenz. After taking coffee in the gardens belonging to the hotel, we strolled about the town, there being about eighty of us, including masters. While looking at the shops the Emperor came past, and the master took off his hat, and I did too, though I did not know who he was. In one of the shops they sold his photo, and some of our boys were looking at them when the emperor passed. I supposed he saw we belonged to a school, as he stopped and asked one of the masters if we were English, and on learning that we were told the shopman to give us all a photo. of himself. The man said he would, and the emperor took up a few and gave them to us himself. I was standing next to him, so received one from his hands. It was very kind of him to give away 4*l.* 10*s.*, which was the price of the cards. He was walking about like the other gentlemen, and talking to ladies and some of us. He asked two or three and myself where we came from."

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—The 1,200*l.* a year appropriated for life pensions to be charged on the Civil List were bestowed as follows, in the year ended the 20th of June, 1871:—To Gavin Milroy, M.D., a pension of 100*l.*, in consideration of his medical services under Government, especially in the Crimea, and of the injury which he thereby professionally sustained; to Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy, barrister-at-law, 100*l.*, in consideration of his literary merit as a poet; to Miss Agnes Strickland, 100*l.*, in recognition of the merit displayed in her historical works; to Mrs. Elizabeth Anster, 50*l.*, in consideration of the literary services of her husband, the late John Anster, LL.D.; to Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, Doctor of Laws, 100*l.*, additional yearly pension to that of 100*l.* granted on the 18th of June, 1863, in recognition of his theological labours, and to enable him to complete his ecclesiastical works; to Mr. Charles Tiltson Beke, 100*l.*, in consideration of his geographical researches, and especially of the value of his explorations in Abyssinia; to John Stanhouse, Doctor of Laws, 100*l.*, in consideration of his scientific attainments, and of the loss of his emoluments as non-resident Assayer of the Mint; to Mrs. Emily Coles, widow of Captain Cowper Phipps Coles, 150*l.*, in consideration of her husband's services as inventor of the turret-ship system; to Mr. Warwick Brooks, 100*l.*, in consideration of his talent as an artist; to Miss Winifrede Mary Wyse, 100*l.*, in consideration of the diplomatic services of her uncle, Sir Thomas Wyse, and of her own limited circumstances; to Sir Robert Stanford, 100*l.*, in consideration of the losses which he has suffered in consequence of the assistance which he afforded to the Government at the Cape of Good Hope in 1849; to Mr. James Robinson Planché, Somerset Herald in the College of Arms, 100*l.*, in recognition of his literary services.



[A VILLAIN'S TRIUMPH.]

CLARE ORMOND.

CHAPTER XLII.

SPIERS went down to the water's edge and found a boat idly rocking in a little cove sheltered from observation by a curve in the bank. In it lay at full length a young man of uncouth appearance, clad in homespun. A hat with a torn brim was pulled down over his eyes, and he seemed to be sleeping.

Spiers called out, in an angry tone:

"Hillo, Jared; is this the way you watch, when you are well paid for it?"

The head was slowly lifted, and a loutish-looking face emerged from the shelter of the hat, as its owner growled in reply:

"When there's nothing to watch for, why shan't I take a nap? Is the girl nabbed?"

"Yes, she's safe in the house. Has the boat passed up stream yet?"

"Yes, half an hour ago; but I ain't heard the other coming yet; she will be here though, I expect, in time."

"Oh, yes; she's always in time," was the light reply. "You understand what you have to do, Jared?"

Young Brown nodded, and lazily stepped from the boat.

"You are to give me twenty pounds to get you off safe with the girl. I can do it, and I will do it, so there."

"I don't think there will be anybody to interfere before we are off; but, if there should be, you must stand by me to the last, and do whatever I tell you."

"Certainly. I couldn't expect to get that pile of money if I shrank because there was a fuss made. I ain't afraid. If the girl wants to go with you she shall, anyhow."

"Of course she wants to go with me, or she would not have come to meet me this afternoon. In half an hour the boat should be in sight, and, once safe on board of her with my prize, I can snap my fingers at all her friends."

Jared only grunted in reply, and Spiers walked to and fro upon the shore, pausing every few moments to take a long view at the river. The sun sank to rest in a heavy bank of clouds, and the bright twilight ended, but there was no sign of the expected steamer, no sound that indicated her approach; she was an hour behind time, and Spiers came to the unwilling conclusion that some accident had happened to detain her.

He raged to and fro like a baffled hyena, and uttered such imprecations that his companion remonstrated.

The infuriated man retorted:

"How dare you speak to me in that way? If you had as much at stake as I have you would rave even worse than I do. The people from Riverdale will be down on me, and there's but one way to make all sure. I will bring the girl down, and you can row me to some point where we can get shelter and be safe from pursuit."

Jared pointed to the river, which was beginning to lash itself into foam under the influence of a sudden storm. He ironically said:

"If the boat were to come now it would be hardly safe for you to try to get on her in such a gale as this is goin' to be. We'd better get back to the house, I can tell you. See there, now."

This exclamation was caused by a burst of thunder above their heads, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, and Spiers began to think to himself that discretion was the better part of valour. He sullenly said:

"Everything is against me. Come on then, and I'll tell you as you go how you may earn not ten but a hundred pounds."

"Golly! that'd be a grand haul. I ain't particler if the money'll be all right."

"I'll give you ten now, and the balance shall be paid you in a week from this time. You told me that you had been a Methodist preacher once; if you will go over the marriage ceremony between this girl and myself the money is yours."

"But I wasn't licensed to preach; I just took it up for a while 'cause I thought it'd be an easy way to make a livin'." I never married nobody, and if I had 'twouldn't ha' held in law."

"I don't care for that. Desperate cases require desperate remedies. The Ormonds won't know that you were not regularly ordained. Marry me to the girl, and I will manage all the rest."

"Well, it's no business of mine. Hand over the money, and I'll do my best."

The ten pounds were paid, and a few moments later the two entered the house. Clare was alone in the outer room, lying with half-closed eyes and parted lips, evidently still under the influence of the chloroform she had inhaled.

At the approach of the storm Mrs. Brown had rushed out to put under cover a brood of young chickens that had been hatched only a few days before, and Spiers hurriedly said:

"It is lucky the coast is clear. Be quick now, and get through with it before the old woman comes back."

"But the girl don't seem to know nothing. What would be the use if she can't make her responses?"

"I can lift up her hand for her, which will do quite as well as speech; you know she's willing to marry me, or she wouldn't be here with me."

"That's true."

Jared rattled off a brief form of words, and, at its close, said, with a hoarse laugh:

"I pronounce you, John Johnson and Clare Ormond, man and wife. Short work that to win such a pile of money."

Clare had shown no consciousness of what was passing. She breathed, and that was all; she did not even shrink from the hated touch of Spiers when he raised her hand in mocking response to the question, Will you take this man for your wedded husband?

The storm burst, and for half an hour raged with such fury that the small house rocked to its foundations. Half of Mrs. Brown's chickens were drowned, and in her lamentations over them she was almost oblivious of Clare's presence beneath her roof.

The storm soon exhausted its violence, and in a sudden pause in the roaring of the wind the tones of a bell were heard rising from the river. A glance through the window showed the outline of a steamer gleaming with light, looking, in the lurid atmosphere, like a fire-ship ready for action.

The deep booming of the bell came at intervals, and, aroused by the sound, Clare lifted her colourless face, and excitedly asked:

"What is that? Is it the funeral knell of every hope I had in life? What—what are you going to do with me?"

The last question was prompted by the rapid action of Mrs. Brown, who snatched up the hat and shawl, and commenced muffling her guest in them, while her son threw open the door, and rushed down the declivity on which the house stood, to make a signal to the boat that the expected passengers would soon be alongside.

To Clare's terrified inquiry Mrs. Brown replied:

"I'm getting you ready to get off with your sweetheart. It's all right; the boat's come, and you'll soon be safe on board of her."

Spiers bent over her before she gained breath to reply, and hissed in her ear:

"One word in contradiction of what I have told here, and I will denounce you before these people as the murderer of your aunt, and you know what must follow then. I could not save you."

"Let me be lost then," she desperately replied. "Anything—anything will be better than going with you."

In spite of her struggles, he wrapped the veil over her face in such a manner as to stifle her cries, and, taking her in his arms, strode out of the house.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN the meantime the steamer had reached the landing, and, much to Jasper's surprise and delight, not only Mrs. Ormond was on board, but her husband and his own father. To the hurried inquiries made after Clare, Jasper replied that she was quite safe, though still much indisposed.

Beal, with two policemen in plain clothes, came on shore with them, and, after a slight delay, a conveyance was found for them to Riverdale, and the three gentlemen got into the carriage with Mrs. Ormond.

As they drove rapidly forward Jasper was told how completely successful his father's mission had been, and that he was in possession of warrants for the arrest of Spiers and Claudia Coyle.

In conclusion Mr. Clifford said:

"I hope Clare's mind is clear enough to understand that she is exonerated from all blame; that Mrs. Adair took from her hand nothing that could in any degree affect her health."

"I have told her again and again that she has nothing to fear; but I did not venture to explain everything to her. She seemed too much excited, and I thought it safest to soothe her as I best could."

"I fear you have made a great mistake, Mr. Clifford," said Mrs. Ormond, in some excitement; but she checked herself, and more quietly added, "But you doubtless thought you were acting for the best, and all can be soon set right now."

The impatient mother thought the drive would never end, though the horses were put to their utmost speed, and she had no thought for the grandeur of the home that now belonged to her daughter when they drove in at the iron gates and swept up to the entrance.

Judith Brooke was on the steps ready to receive them, and she smilingly said to Mrs. Ormond:

"Clare is resting quietly, though I scarcely think she is asleep. Shall we go up to her at once, Mrs. Ormond?"

"Show me the way, please, that I may clasp her in my arms as soon as possible, and bring peace to her poor heart."

The two hurried upstairs, followed by Mr. Ormond, who was not less impatient than his wife to embrace his daughter once more, and breathe peace into her fainting soul.

Claudia witnessed the arrival of the first carriage from the windows of her own apartment; the one containing Beal and the policemen was not yet in sight; and with a satisfied smile she turned away and went down to greet Mr. Clifford, and appeared as perfectly at her ease as if unconscious of the abduction of the unfortunate girl he had hurried back to save.

She was charmingly dressed, and looked as grand and beautiful as he thought he had ever seen her, as she came towards him with outstretched hand and beaming smiles.

"You see I am back again, Mr. Clifford. I went away in a pet, but I thought it best to return and keep my position here till my dear old friend's will is read. She always promised to remember me handsomely, and I stand in need of all she may have given me."

Acute as she was, Claudia could not understand the expression of his face as he replied:

"I expected to find you here, Miss Coyle, and I assure you I am very glad you have returned. There is some unfinished business to settle in which you are deeply interested."

Claudia changed colour, and at that moment her discomfort was completed by the sudden appearance of Beal and his two companions. She hurriedly asked:

"Who—who are these men, and why have you brought strangers here at such a time as this?"

"You will soon know, Miss Coyle. They came on your account, and I advise you to make no resistance. I arrest you in the name of the law for a crime I need not now stop to explain to you. Do your duty, gentlemen."

The arrest was so sudden and unexpected that for an instant Claudia was paralysed; but the next moment she darted away and ran into Jasper's arms, who was entering from the lateral hall.

She struggled violently to escape, but he held her with a strong grasp till the policemen came up, and one of them coolly took off the serpent bracelet that glittered on her arm, and replaced it with a slender pair of handcuffs he had brought for the purpose.

Claudia was pale as marble, and panting with rage and fright; but what she might have said was cut short by a thrilling cry above stairs, and Mr. Ormond rushed down, looking white and desperate.

"My daughter is gone! She has been spirited away in some unaccountable manner. What has become of her? Woman, answer me truly, for you have aided this abduction. The truth—the truth from your vile lips, or your life is not worth a moment's purchase!"

In his frenzy he drew a pistol and levelled it at Claudia's head as she stood there, her identity betrayed by the manacles she wore.

One of the policemen quietly struck the weapon up, and said:

"No violence must be used, Mr. Ormond. Let some one give orders for horses to be made ready for a pursuit, and it will go hard with me if I cannot get from this young woman such information as will guide us to the right place to find your daughter."

"You will learn nothing from me," said Claudia, sullenly, "and I will make you pay roundly for insulting me in this unheard-of manner. What have I done to deserve such treatment? Of what am I accused?"

"Of complicity with John Spiers to poison Mrs. Adair, making her niece the innocent agent of her murder; of using the power thus obtained over Clare to induce her to marry Spiers, and make a will in his favour. When that was done she was to be dealt with as mercilessly as the old lady was," said Mr. Clifford, in reply.

This brief statement made her cower a moment, but she defiantly replied:

"There can be no proof of such a crime on my part. I know nothing of John Spiers or his plans. How should I, living as secluded as I have since I came to Mrs. Adair?"

"We have the proofs—let that suffice. I have witnessed your nocturnal meetings with Spiers more than once, and if you had spoken English I should have fathomed your plans long ago. I have been working in the dark to foil you for weeks past, Miss Coyle, and you have fallen into the trap you so cunningly set for another."

Claudia glared at him, and viciously said:

"My guilt cannot be proved without that of Clare Ormond being made known. She used the elixir, and she is guilty of the murder."

"But there was no murder, and Clare is innocent, as you will soon understand. Come forward, Beal, and tell your story. When Miss Coyle has heard it perhaps she will be willing to tell by what agency Miss Ormond was removed from this house, and give us a clue as to where she is to be found."

Beal came forward, and gave a concise account of what is already known to the reader.

Claudia clearly saw that the game was up, and her most eager desire now was to prevent Spiers from getting off with his victim, and forcing her to marry him, since no pecuniary advantage could be derived from such a union.

After a few moments' reflection she said:

"Neither Jasper nor Mr. Ormond can be willing to have what has happened here brought before the world, since Clare's name must inevitably be mixed up in it. Pledge me your word, Mr. Clifford, that I shall go free, and also my accomplice, and I will tell you where he may be found, and Clare rescued."

"I cannot set aside your arrest now that it has been made," said Mr. Clifford, in a low voice, "but I can so arrange it that you may both be allowed to escape while on your way to prison."

Claudia shuddered at the last word.

"Promise me that—I know I can rely on your word—and I will tell you enough to enable you to follow up John Spiers, and release Miss Ormond before he has time to make her marry him."

"I pledge you my word of honour that you both shall escape if Clare be brought back unharmed. If not, I hardly know what vengeance you may not expect to fall on you. You would have three merciless men to deal with, Claudia Coyle—her father, her betrothed husband, and myself. Now speak, if you will."

By this time the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard on the gravel in front of the house, and both Jasper and Mr. Ormond, who had aided in getting them ready, came in to learn what terms had been made with the prisoner.

Claudia briefly said:

"Clare went out this afternoon to meet Mr. Spiers in the woodland arbour. I scarcely think she knew what she was doing when she came. She hoped to make a compromise with him, and induce him, for money, to spare her the accusation he declared he would bring against her if she refused to marry him. He declined her offers and took her away with him. If the steamer has not passed down the river, she will be found at Mrs. Brown's cottage, four miles below this place. That is all I have to say."

Mr. Clifford's face brightened.

"The steamer has not passed down yet, for we heard, on the one we came up by, that she would not start till several hours after her usual time. A mili-

tary company was coming on board, and there was to be a parade first. Fate works in our favour, and you will be in time to save Clare yet, Mr. Ormond. I shall stay here to watch over our prisoner, as she must be confronted with her accomplice before she is allowed to depart. Take the policemen with you, Ormond, for the man may be desperate; and it may be as well to send a boat to drop down slowly, and intercept him if the steamer should arrive before you get there."

"Be sure that we shall do all that is possible," said Jasper, with pale lips, but an expression of determination on his youthful face which told Claudia that if any evil had happened to Clare, the life of the man she loved as the tigress loves her young would be the forfeit.

Their arrangements were soon completed. By this time the sun had set, and the storm was brewing; but, regardless of that, the boat was manned by two stout men accustomed to the river, and one of the policemen, with Mr. Bowen, who insisted on joining the party, took their places in it. The other one accompanied Jasper and Mr. Ormond. They set out amid the first breathing of the storm, in the hope that they would reach Mrs. Brown's house before it burst on them in all its fury. Mr. Clifford thought it best to detain Beal with him, as his evidence was too important to risk his safety in any way.

The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, rain fell in blinding torrents, and the wind snapped branches from the trees like pipe stems, and sent them flying in every direction; but little did the three determined men heed the dangers on their way. The father and lover thought only of Clare in the power of so base a wretch as John Spiers, and they thundered on unheeding amid the din of the elements, scarcely conscious of the dangers that surrounded them.

When the raging wind ceased to roar, as suddenly as it had arisen, they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of the place they were seeking. Jasper knew the road well, and he checked his horse, and said:

"The storm will still further delay the steamer, and we shall have time to rescue Clare before she comes. I hope the boat has fared as well as we have. The way is shorter by the river, and the men are skilful boatmen. I think they will be in time to aid us, if their assistance should be necessary."

At that moment the deep booming of a bell was heard, and Jasper cried out:

"We have not a moment to lose. I know the sound of that bell too well to mistake it. They are ringing for their passengers. On to the rescue!"

Again they dashed away, and in a few moments more were riding pellmell towards the bank, on which a dark group was gathered. A boat was rowing in towards the land, which Spiers mistook for one belonging to the steamer, but which Jasper recognised as the one that had been sent from Riverdale.

It landed just as the three excited horsemen came within speaking distance. Spiers sprang into it, placed Clare on the seat, and, lifting his hat, waved it triumphantly towards those he believed had come too late, and cried out:

"Baffled! She is mine now, and I defy you!"

Then, turning to the men, he said:

"Row for your lives! Fifty pounds to you, boys, if you get us to the steamer before those fellows can pursue and stop us."

Bowen and the policeman had crouched down in the boat as she drew near the shore, and when they now sprang up and pinioned the exulting abductor he was so taken by surprise that he was handcuffed and bound before he could make any effectual resistance.

We pass over his impotent ravings to chronicle something more agreeable.

In a moment Mr. Ormond was in the boat, and had his daughter in his arms, crying out:

"You are saved! you are saved, my darling!—doubly saved, for you are proved innocent of any injury to your aunt. The draught that wretch had prepared was changed by a friend, and the elixir you used was only soda and water. Look up, my precious child, and let me see that you fully comprehend the import of my words."

"Yes, papa, I understand. I have escaped an awful danger, but I know that I am safe now. Can you forgive me for my mad flight? But I was so wretched, papa, that I did not know which way to turn for safety."

"All is forgiven, love, and your sufferings will soon be forgotten in the happiness that awaits you."

The discomfited Spiers turned to listen to what was said by the father and daughter. He cynically said:

"I think I shall have a word to say about that, Mr. Ormond. Your daughter is my wife, and I ask you if this is fitting treatment for your son-in-law?"

"Your wife!" exclaimed Jasper, on whose set face the full moon suddenly shone from a rift in the

clouds. "Dare to repeat that assertion, and I will kill you!"

Clare shivered and shrank, and, laying her hand on her lover's arm, said:

"It is false, Jasper. There is no tie between him and myself, as can be proved by these people here."

"Ask the young man," said Spiers, in a loud tone. "Jared Brown is a Methodist clergyman, and he married us not half an hour ago. You pretended to be insensible, but you knew all that was going on, and you know that you left Riverdale this afternoon with the intention of eloping with me."

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Ormond. "How dare you claim my daughter as your wife, and with her own consent? If I believed your assertion I would pitch you into the river, bound as you are, and let you drown like a dog. Jasper, we cannot linger here. Bring forward that woman and her son, and let them answer for themselves. If any such villainy has been perpetrated, they shall answer dearly for it."

Mrs. Brown, alarmed by the noise on the beach, had come down to see what was going on, and she now held on to her son and defeated his attempt to escape. She angrily said:

"There wasn't nobody married at my house to-night, as I knows on; and this here boy ain't no more a preacher than I am. He tried it once, but the Conference wouldn't have nothing to do with him, and said he wasn't in his right mind to think of such a thing, and he hardly knowing how to read. Please, gentlemen, let the half-witted boy alone, for he's all I've got, and he's the last of nine children; all the others is dead and gone."

"That is enough, Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Ormond. "Keep your son at home, that he may be found if wanted; but I think I shall be able to deal with this man without calling on him. He stole my daughter from her home, and would have forced her to marry him to secure her fortune. That is the explanation of all that has happened here to-night."

"Oh, law! And he said she was running off with him because she wanted to, and you wouldn't let her."

"He told me the same thing, or I wouldn't have done it; but it ain't binding, anyhow," said Jared.

"It is well for you that it is not," replied Jasper, and Brown retreated from that angry face, drawing his mother away with him.

It was then arranged that Mr. Ormond should return in the boat with his daughter and the prisoner, while Mr. Bowen rode back to Riverdale on his horse.

In the meantime the steamer, tired of waiting, had resumed her course.

The boat had weathered the storm by hugging the shore and taking refuge in a little cove during its greatest violence, as the men now explained to Mr. Ormond, and he promised them a handsome reward for the skill and fidelity they had shown in hastening to the rescue of his daughter.

Spiers made several efforts to talk with him, but he refused to hear anything he had to say, telling him that in the morning Mrs. Adair's will would be read in his presence, and the final settlement of his fate, and that of his accomplice, be determined on.

"You think you'll have it all your own way," he insolently replied; "but I'll be a thorn in your side yet. Clare is my wife, and I will prove it. I'm not going to give her up without a struggle."

"Gag that fellow," cried Mr. Ormond, in irrepressible wrath.

And the policeman at once obeyed the command. We pass over the meeting between Clare and her mother, because words would fail to do justice to its pathos.

The poor, harassed girl slept that night in the arms that had held her in infancy, and in the morning she awoke stronger and clearer in mind than she had been for many days.

A guard was kept over the prisoners, and on that day their fate was to be settled after the will was read.

CHAPTER XLV.

At ten o'clock the whole party was assembled in Mrs. Adair's room, with the addition of Doctor Brooke and his son, who had been sent for at an early hour to be present at the reading of the will.

In spite of the strictness with which the prisoners had been guarded, they found means to communicate with each other through the medium of writing. Claudia had pledged her word that they would make no attempt to escape for the present, and the handcuffs were removed from her wrists, and from those of her accomplice; though, as a safeguard, Spiers was kept securely tied, and one of the policemen was stationed in the room with him.

A glittering piece of jewellery tempted Hebe to become the agent of Claudia, and a scroll of paper,

wrapped round a pencil, was placed by her on the waiter on which the breakfast sent up to Spiers was arranged. He furtively read the few lines she had traced on the paper, which ran thus:

"Confess all, and they will allow us to escape. We have been fooled, and all our labour thrown away; but we are too keen-witted to fail always. Fresh scenes and pastures new are open to us, in which we will be more successful. After all, I cannot help feeling happy that Clare Ormond will not be your wife."

C. C.

To this Spiers replied by scratching a few lines on the same paper when the sentry was looking through the window.

"Clare Ormond is my wife, and I shall maintain my right to her. In Scotland such a marriage would hold good, and why not in this country? If they get rid of me it shall be by paying me a heavy price. As to bringing either of us to trial, that is all nonsense. The stigma would attach to Clare as much as to us, and old Ormond's pride won't allow him to risk that. Never fear; I will make good terms for both of us."

J. S.

In this belief he obeyed the summons to join the others, looking as jaunty and unconcerned as if no serious danger menaced him. Claudia, on the contrary, was pale, stern, and haughtily defiant even to him, and as she passed him she managed to hiss into his ear:

"I will not accept safety at the price of your union with that girl, nor will they allow you to make good your claims. Do as I bade you, or we are both lost."

Spiers only shrugged his shoulders in reply, and dropped into the chair that was pointed out to him. He insolently surveyed the assembled company, and tried to obtain a good view of Clare's pale face; but Jasper and her mother had placed themselves in such a position that, from his seat, she could not be seen.

A table was drawn into the centre of the floor, on which the will was laid. Doctor Brooke and Mr. Clifford placed themselves near it, and the former, taking up the folded parchment, said:

"I bear witness that this is the last will and testament of my deceased friend, Mrs. Georgina Adair. It was drawn up by Mr. Clifford from her dictation, and his son and myself affixed our signatures to it. Mr. Clifford will now proceed to read it, that those who are interested in its provisions may know its contents."

In a clear, resonant voice Clifford then read aloud the instrument, the contents of which are already known to the reader. He had scarcely finished the first page when Spiers cried out:

"Clare Ormond, the heiress of this estate, is my lawful wife, and I claim the control of her person and her property. She eloped with me of her own free will, and was united to me by one who has been enrolled among the clergy, if he is not now a licensed preacher. Without my consent this marriage cannot be set aside, and I am master in this house, in right of my wife."

At this insolent assertion Mr. Ormond started up, but Clifford lifted his hand, and quietly said:

"A moment, Mr. Ormond, will suffice to show this braggart the ground on which he stands. There is a codicil written by Mrs. Adair's own hand after the eavesdropper who made herself familiar with the contents of the will had left her station in the dressing-room. I will proceed to read it that the prisoners may know how little hope is left to either of them of wringing money from the heiress."

The codicil simply revoked the entire bequest to Clare unless she gave her hand to Jasper Clifford within six months after Mrs. Adair's decease. If she failed to do so, the income derived from the property was to be paid over to Mr. Clifford for five years, in liquidation of his claim against the estate; then it was to pass into the hands of trustees, the house to be converted into an industrial school for boys, who were to be taught agriculture practically by labouring in the fields the testator would not permit to be divided.

As Spiers listened for the first time he looked crestfallen. Mr. Clifford turned to him, and triumphantly asked:

"What do you say now, sir, to your shadowy faith on Miss Ormond's hand? As your wife, she will have nothing. Knowing that, have you such love for her as will lead you to brave poverty for her sake?"

Spiers sullenly replied:

"I say this, sir: that the girl, without the money, would only be an encumbrance to me. If I give up all claim on her, she will be able to pay me well; and if she wishes me to let her alone, she had best make it worth my while."

Mr. Ormond spoke for his daughter.

"Not a penny shall you have, now or ever, miserable scoundrel that you are! If you remain in this country, I will prosecute both you and your accomplice to the utmost extent of the law."

"Mrs. Adair wasn't killed by us, nor by any one else, if that precious Beal is to be believed," said Spiers, lightly. "Then what can you do to us? Your own daughter's name wouldn't be spared in the trial, so I am not afraid of a prosecution."

"But I am," said Claudia, suddenly rising, and looking around. She could ruthlessly plan and carry out her schemes as long as danger did not menace herself; but at its first glimpse her courage failed her, and she was ready to make any concessions that would save herself and the man she loved desperately, in spite of his baseness. "We will go away from this country, if we are permitted to do so, never to return. Keep your pledges to me, Mr. Clifford, and mine shall be kept to you. John Spiers will be guided by me in what I know is for our mutual good."

Spiers made a faint show of resistance, but he knew as well as Claudia that no hope of a compromise was left. He must accept the terms offered, or be delivered over to the tender mercies of the law. He chose the former, after some farther display of insolence, and was removed from the room, together with Claudia, after pledging himself to leave the country for ever.

A hundred pounds, still due to Miss Coyle for her services to Mrs. Adair, were paid, and so careless a watch was kept upon the prisoners that before the steamer came down that evening they were far away. The trunks of Claudia were sent to London to an address she left in her room, and neither she nor Spiers was ever heard of afterwards.

Clare recovered her health, and before the six months expired gave her hand to Jasper. They lived at Riverdale, and Mr. Clifford remained with them.

Four thousand a-year had been secured to Mrs. Ormond, and she purchased their old home and lived there in peace and plenty. In due time Christine married George Beal, whose fortunes prospered under her parents' care, and they lived near them.

Judith Brooke and her faithful lover were united, and Mr. Bowen consented that she should remain with her father till Walter married. This happened a year later, and Phoebe Simpson was the bride he brought home to brighten the old man's life and atone to him for breaking off his match with Mrs. Harte.

The charming widow never ventured in that neighbourhood again, but she eventually found a rich husband to take on himself the burden of herself and family.

THE END.

ROSA'S REBELLION.

"I do not believe you mean all this, Rosa," said Lester Stannard. "And I think we had better not talk any more at present. Silence is the safest course when people are excited, and I confess I hardly know what I am talking about."

"You have made your words plain enough to me if not to yourself," said Rosalind Vinton, coldly, "and I have no wish to postpone their issue. I will never be the wife of a man who feels that marriage makes him my master."

"Rosa, how unjust you are! I should think you had known me long enough to be aware that I never cross your will, and never expect to do so. My advice I feel that I have a right to offer—as good a right now as I shall have when I am your husband."

They drove on through the rain. Rosa tightened her shawl about her head and sat back in the corner of the carriage. Fifteen or twenty minutes went by. The darkness had closed around them, and the lights of Goldwell had come in sight.

"I am ashamed of this quarrel," said Stannard, with fortitude, at last. "After knowing and trusting and loving each other all our lives, to go and peril everything for a few hot words. If you didn't like my suggestion I am sure you could have said so, and that would have ended the matter. I don't believe I should have become offended so easily with you, Rosa. If I had, I would have repudiated the promise that bound me to you in the very first moment of my offence."

"I daresay the fault and blame are all mine," returned Miss Vinton. "I am ready to bear them. As you say, we have known each other all our lives—long enough, I suppose, for you to feel that there was something more in me than the gossiping, one-sided women whose minds know nothing brighter than their milk-pans. But it seems not. Your advice was just what your father might have given your mother: that I should take the price of culture and put it in parlour carpets."

"I perceive," said Lester, meekly, "that my advice was very impertinent and ill-timed. But I did not mean any depreciation of your gifts or your tastes, Rosa. No man could be prouder of your talent and spirit than I am. I can only say in apology that I had no idea your mind was fixed upon improving your musical acquirements this winter, and we

have always been so in the habit of talking over ways and means that I made the suggestion that you should use your Aunt Austin's little legacy for drawing-room furniture, believing that it would be in accordance with your taste to do so, and thinking your visit in London would give you a good opportunity to make the selection."

"You think of nothing but getting me tied down to home and care."

"I thought," responded the lover, sorrowfully, "that it was understood that we were to be married in the spring."

"Fortunately we have not passed the limits of reconsideration."

"No, fortunately we have not;" and for the first time there was a spice of bitterness in Lester's tone.

They had reached their destination. The young man helped his betrothed from the carriage, and they stood for an instant looking by the light that streamed from the cottage window into each other's eyes. There was mute supplication, great patience, and great love in his. But Rosa flashed into them a look of careless defiance.

"Won't you come in?" she inquired, lifting her skirts daintily, as if the act required all her interest.

"I think not, Rosa. I believe I had better not come again until you send for me."

She threw a quick look toward him. "Good-night, then," she replied, and ran along up the walk, and burst into her sister's little sitting-room, handsome, animated, and very wet.

"Why, Rosa, have you come in this heavy rain? I thought you would have stayed with Nelly all night."

"No; I rather enjoy a stormy time, and I've had one within as well as without the carriage."

"What have you been doing? Not quarrelling with Lester, I hope?"

"I think I have been rebelling rather than quarrelling."

"Rebelling against what? The truest heart, the coolest head, the most patient temper, and tenderest love that ever a headstrong girl had at her disposal?"

"Lester," she said, promptly, with the feeling that Anna might as well be told first as last, "is a little too much disposed to play the master."

Anna Fabyan smiled curiously.

"That is about the last thing of which I should have thought of accusing him."

"Oh, well, you don't know him so well as I—at least, not in the same relation. Since we have been definitely engaged—we are not engaged any longer, Anna—he has been disposed to use a great deal of authority. This afternoon he very coolly suggested that I should take my money and furnish his drawing-room."

"Did he really? Considering that 'your money' is the large amount of two hundred and fifty pounds, and that it is all you ever had or ever expect to have, and that 'his drawing-room' is to be yours within a few months, and that to gratify your taste he has expended all that he has just now upon the house, I don't think he could have made a better suggestion."

"I do. He had better furnish his nest before he gets his bird. I am going to put my legacy to personal use by taking music lessons while I am in London."

"Music lessons! Oh, Rosa, what for? Your singing and playing are quite good enough. You are in every way ornamental enough already. 'Good enough!' repeated Rosa, with scorn; "as if there was any limitation to progress and culture."

"I think there is no limitation to your nonsense, Rosa, and that Lester deserves a more sensible and more efficient wife."

"Well, I am going to give him a chance to get one."

"Have you really broken with him? Oh, Rosa!" "Yes, we have parted for good and all—unless I send for him, and I shan't do that. I'll tell you what, Anna. I have the feeling of being in luck to-night. It seems to me as if my destiny waited for me in London."

"You are a foolish, romantic girl. If poor papa was alive you would not go on so. Your destiny means, I presume, some adventurer with dyed whiskers and paste diamonds. For my part, I am thankful to be secure and contented in a good man's love and home."

Rosalind rose. Her sister's "good man" was entering the door, and Anna stepped from the room to oversee the tea-table. When the meal was over the younger sister went to her room. It was a cosy little chamber, and it had been home to Rosa for two years, since her father's death had left her orphaned and unprovided for. But the daughters of a country minister are not usually reared to want either charity or pity. Rosalind was quite able to "pay her way," and she did so, painting miniatures, teaching music and drawing, and publishing from time to time little stories and verses which evinced

at least her variable talent and spirit. In Coldwell she was regarded as a genius. Certainly she was a remarkably handsome and clever girl, perhaps quite entitled to the share of self-esteem which she certainly possessed.

She closed her door, and placed her lamp upon the stand, drew the dimity curtains, and kindled the wood prepared in the grate, which soon filled the apartment with a delightful warmth.

"What a change I shall soon have!" she thought as she looked about her at the shelf of books, at Lester's picture in a handsome frame hanging above them, at the ivy growing over the wall, the brackets, the boxes, knick-knacks, souvenirs, all the mementoes of her happy girlhood. "The Paysons, I daresay, live elegantly. I wonder how I shall appear among fashionable people. I shall see every one worth seeing at Addie's wedding. How thoughtful of her to make me a present of a dress for the occasion. Heigho! it is worth while marrying for such a match as Addie's; such presents, such an outfit; a trip to the Continent! My whole soul goes out towards such a life. How poor and tame Lester's home seems, and the life I shall have in it—but I shan't have it. I have given him up." And a perplexed smile went over Rosalind Vinton's face—a smile with which she assured herself of her self-satisfaction, as boys whistle in the dark to keep up their courage.

The day came for Rosa to leave Coldwell for her long-anticipated visit to the Paysons, whose daughter had been a schoolmate, and who now invited her old friend to act as bridesmaid at her approaching wedding. It was a seven-hours' ride to London from Coldwell, but, leaving home at noon, Rosa would arrive early in the evening, and Mr. Payson was to meet her at the station. More-over Miss Vinton was too competent and self-reliant a girl not to be quite equal to the emergencies of ordinary travel; and, having bade all Coldwell, excepting Lester Stannard, a cheerful good-bye, and armed with a memorandum of commissions, a thick shawl, a weighty lunch-basket, and a new magazine, she entered the train and disposed of her belongings in a glow of anticipation and good spirits.

Her magazine possessed no immediate attractions. From under her blue veil she studied her travelling companions—women with babies and men with books, a nervous old lady fortified with hand-boxes, a big schoolboy going from his vacation home to school. She had looked the carriage over two or three times before she took special notice of a gentleman who occupied the opposite seat. He was a man who had passed thirty, one who had evidently travelled much, and his surroundings indicated a determination to be comfortable—a multiplicity of blankets marked conspicuously "Julian," a gray suit, a soft hat slouched over his eyes, and withal a certain air of elegant ease, of worldly wisdom, and exclusiveness. Through the entire afternoon this man read papers. Occasionally he pencilled in shorthand on a blank page. His surroundings appeared to possess no interest for him. In his office or study he could not have been busier or more self-contained than in his seat in the express train.

As the afternoon wore away Rosa felt a sort of fascination in watching him—he was so oblivious to everything but his work. She began at last to envy him, to wish she too had something to do. She was tired of the people, the monotony, and the shrieking whistle. She leaned her head upon her hand, was dimly conscious of the ebbing daylight, the brief stops at small stations, the glowering sparks that rushed by the window, the lighting of the smoky lamps. Then all at once of something happening—a thrill, a wilder shriek of the whistle, the breaks put down, a sudden stop of the hissing, panting train. She sat bolt upright; unconsciously her eyes were fastened upon her busy neighbour. He seemed to have been asleep; he lifted his hat, ran his white fingers through his hair, and got up with the air of feeling it to be an unwarrantable thing to put him to the trouble of inquiring why he had not been immediately killed.

The train had in fact had a narrow escape from plunging into the river before it. An instant later and the signal light would have been too late to have saved it from passing on to the broken bridge and plunging its passengers into eternity.

Rosa heard the fragmentary reports as the passengers returned with them. By-and-bye came Mr. Julian. He stopped very courteously to answer some questions before he reached his own seat. Then he commenced rolling up his books and blankets. All at once he saw Rosa's eyes looking at him with a sort of tired despair; perceived, as if for the first, that she was alone.

"They are about to provide a foot-bridge for the passengers, madam," he said, turning to her; "you must allow me to carry your bags; we shall have rather a difficult walk."

"Thank you. But you have your own luggage, and I—I was going to say that I am used to bearing my own burdens, but I am not quite sure that such is the fact."

He smiled under the brown moustache which concealed his mouth.

"I am quite sure it is not. At all events, I shall not allow you to bear them to-night."

They left the carriage and walked onward in silence. The ground was icy, the clouds threatened rain. Rosa said to herself that it was quite an adventure. Reaching the farther end of the bridge they found no locomotive. Shivering and grumbling, the passengers stood about waiting. All at once Rosa bethought herself of her lunch basket.

"This stop," she said, laughingly, "is surely intended as 'ten minutes for refreshment.'"

On a convenient plank under a swinging signal-lamp she spread a napkin, and set forth Anna's ample store of dainties, inviting those who stood about her to assist in disposing of them.

When the engine finally arrived, and they took their seats, Mr. Julian naturally placed himself near her, and when, at ten o'clock, they reached London, they had acquired a sufficient knowledge of one another's affairs and tastes to carry on an interesting conversation.

Mr. Julian had perfect tact and good breeding. If he was conscious that accident had made him of service to a bright, handsome girl, he took no advantage of the fact, not even presuming to discover her name, though he incidentally glanced at the testimony which Rosalind's travelling bags bore in that direction. But they talked of art, literature, and news. Rosalind Vinton had never before seen a man, except her father, who had read Emerson or Tennyson. She only knew through novels that there were men who did such things. Lester read the local papers and some agricultural journals. He had a poor opinion of anything more abstruse. But Mr. Julian, with a depth and breadth of information which quite astonished his companion, had exquisite taste, the ability to say just the right thing, and the tact to elicit opinions rather than to express them. Rosalind ventured to let him know that she had noticed him so absorbedly busy all the afternoon. Yes; he had promised a magazine article, had scarcely time in which to prepare it; was getting his statistics into shape.

"Then you write magazine articles? How delightful!"

"I have been much engaged in literature, as editor, contributor, and in one way and another. You, I daresay, write something also."

Rosa confessed;

"Oh, a very little. Nothing but what Mr. Julian would view with contempt."

But literature seemed to her the noblest of professions. Her dearest aspiration was to qualify herself to use what power she had to the best advantage.

"It is not play," Mr. Julian told her. "A young and handsome woman seldom finds time for the essential drudgery."

"I think I know something about work."

Then she related naively what a busy, painstaking life she had led in her rural home; how she and her sister had done their father's housework while they were getting their educations—all of it; how she had earned a harmonium by teaching when she was only sixteen; and so on, till she even told him about Aunt Austin's legacy, and of her desire to spend it in musical instruction.

"Have you ever tried to earn anything with your pen?" Mr. Julian inquired.

"Oh, no."

"You might, if I do not misjudge you. Put your own character and experience into your sketches, and they will sell."

The blood rushed to Rosa's head violently, and ebbed so fast that she almost fainted with mere happiness at the suggestion. What, she might be independent; she might realize her ideal life—enjoy her beloved pursuits; might never have to think of Coldwell and Lester Stannard again!

Mr. Payson was still waiting for the train on its late arrival.

"My dear Rosa, I have been extremely uneasy. I am glad to see you are not alone," he said, glancing towards Mr. Julian.

Rosa explained. Mr. Payson returned rather frigid thanks to Mr. Julian for his care of his guest.

"Rather too much of a swell, my dear, to be taking care of so pretty a girl as yourself, on a mere chance acquaintance."

"Oh, I assure you, sir, no one could have been more politely dignified. I hardly know what I should have done without him."

Then they stepped into the carriage, and were whirled away, and a half-hour later Rosa was recounting her adventures over her cup of tea to the bride-elect, who had sent off her lover immediately on her friend's arrival, they had so much to talk about. And talk they did, over their chamber fire, far into the night.

It was arranged for Miss Vinton that every day of her visit, almost every hour, should be made available for some new enjoyment.

The second evening of her stay Mrs. Payson took her to an artist's private reception for which she had cards, a very select and brilliant affair. She was standing before a picture in a kind of rapt awe over its truth and beauty when she felt rather than perceived Mr. Julian near her. He had a lady on his arm; apparently they had just entered. Rosalind, in her first glance, thought that he did not know her. Immediately that she recognized him he bowed and advanced.

"This young lady and myself," he said to his companion, "had the misfortune to travel together by the belated train which brought me to London the other evening, Bessie."

Mr. and Mrs. Payson came up. Introductions followed. The lady with Mr. Julian was presented as his sister, Mrs. Sinclair. Mrs. Sinclair was acquainted with Miss Payson's future husband—in fact, had cards to the wedding. Mrs. Payson politely hoped they would include her brother.

"Has the London atmosphere been conducive to the visits of the muse, Miss Vinton?" asked Mr. Julian.

"I have only had time for sight-seeing, thus far," was her reply.

"I inquired, thinking I might just now be of some service, in case you had anything prepared for print."

Rosa remembered a little sketch in her portfolio. Did Mr. Julian care to see it? Certainly, if she would send it or bring it to him, or he might call for it. Rosa hated to trouble him, but if he would call she would like it.

The evening of Adelaide's wedding at length arrived. Rosa saw herself for the first time in full dress, her beauty enhanced by clouds of snowy tulle, with delicate clematis vines trailing from her hair. The wedding appointments were costly and superb. The bride looked a queen. In the middle of the evening Rosa saw Mrs. Sinclair enter the room on Mr. Julian's arm. By-and-bye he was standing beside her.

"I have a pleasant piece of news for you. Your sketch is accepted. You will receive a cheque for it to-morrow. Does not that make you feel more like going to work?"

"I think it decides me as to what my work is to be."

"Shall I have the pleasure of promenading with you after the reception?"

"With pleasure. I should like some advice."

Rosa wrote to her sister at length the following day.

"I told you, Anna, that I felt as if my destiny awaited me in London. I was right. I have found success, friends, appreciation. I am going to stay here for the winter. I shall support myself with my pen. I contemplate writing a book. So many are interested in me. Every one encourages me." Then she detailed the wedding gaieties. Yet some way no direct mention of Mr. Julian crept into her letters. "What you say of Lester Stannard," she added, with a sort of disdain, "does not distress me. You say he will tire of my coquetry; he is not a man to be trifled with. I am not trifling; I am quite sincere. I have never loved him as I must love. He will console himself."

Somehow this last sentence hurt her. She regretted that she had written it, but she was too proud to erase it.

Rosalind was at the high-tide of success; a girl's success, won almost too easily. Two or three literary people became interested in her. Mr. Julian recognized what he believed to be genius in her productions. She was full of enthusiasm. She studied and worked conscientiously. Her short articles "took," and she laboured assiduously at her book, giving also two or three hours a day to her music. It is difficult to explain the precise stimulant she found in Mr. Julian's criticism and approbation. With a kind of passion she sought to store her mind as his was stored. She followed his tastes as a model; accepted his judgments as beyond appeal. Insensibly she worked for him, towards him. One day a little note came from him with some references she had been seeking. In a postscript he mentioned: "I am going away for a few weeks. If you should need me, write to the following address."

Rosalind sat over the note in a stunned sort of way. He was going off for weeks, without a word of explanation or good-bye. It was near the end of the winter now, and since her first coming to London she had seen him almost daily. It was always on what might be called business; to hear the last pages she had written, to criticize her music, to talk about her reading. But what should she do without him? Why did he leave her so abruptly? Then suddenly it welled into the girl's heart how much of her interest in Mr. Julian, in the vocation to which he had helped her, was personal. A sobbing, lonesome heart-sickness came over her. She was in love with him. It was for love, for his encouragement, that she had wrought all the winter. She snatched a pen and wrote: "Please do not go away without having seen me," despatched the note, and sat waiting, half-ashamed, for its issue.

Mr. Julian came in by-and-bye. Rosa got up with her blazing cheeks, bright eyes, and pouting lips.

"Why do you go off so unceremoniously? It seems to me that I cannot get along without you."

"You are no longer a tyro, my dear young lady. You show yourself quite able to act alone. Do you know I was congratulating myself on being obliged to go before you grew too independent."

"Are you obliged to go?"

"Yes, my mission in London is ended. It was principally on account of Bessie's lawsuits, you know, that I have stayed. I shall come back next month, but only for a few days. My business is really suffering at home."

She stood still, silent. She had so little dreamed of any such ending to their intimacy.

"Don't go," she faltered, then excitement, her winter's hard work, the shock to her wounded feelings, all culminated; a faintness came over her, and she fell forward into Mr. Julian's arms.

It was over in a breath. She realized that he had barely caught her and put her from him. But he was holding her hand still.

"You are working too much," he said, with a strange look in his deep eyes. "You must go out more. Let me hear from you every now and then. I must go at once now, or I shall lose the train. Rosa, in four weeks, when I come back, I shall have something to say to you."

He pressed her hand lightly and was gone. She sat where he left her, and cried hysterically.

"I am sure he loves me," she thought.

But she was not sure.

Instead of going out more, she wrote constantly all day and nearly all night. Her book advanced towards completion. She spared her flagging energies with strong coffee, and kept at work. The day before the four weeks of Mr. Julian's absence expired she placed it in the publisher's hands for examination. The day that ended a month since Mr. Julian went home he walked into Rosa's sitting-room one morning unannounced. She was practising. She got up and held her hands out gladly without a word.

"Your book is done?"

"Yes, in the publisher's hands."

"I almost wish you had not hurried it so."

"Don't find fault. I have put all there is of me in it. If it fail, it is I who fail."

"That is not so. More comes of work than of impulse."

"I don't think so."

"Then you disbelieve all my teaching?"

"It does not matter, since I am no longer your pupil."

He looked steadily, with a pale, worn look, into the defiance and betrayal of her eyes.

"No, Rosa, you are not to be my pupil any more. I hope there will be no painful memory of the time that you have been. I hope we shall be friends for life, as we have been this winter, helping one another. I talked a great deal of you to my wife while I was at home. She is urgent to see such a prodigy."

"I did not know till now that you had a wife, Mr. Julian," was all Rosa could say, while her eyes blazed and her lips whitened.

"I have been married eight years."

There was a kind of rigidity about his face and voice.

They said no more. She could not reproach nor he explain.

"When are you to have your publisher's decision about your book?" he inquired, presently.

"I don't know. I think I will go home for a few weeks while I am waiting for the verdict."

"You cannot do better. You need rest. Authorship is exhaustive work."

"Yes," she faintly replied, with a wan smile, "a hard master."

Anna was shocked at the ghost of her brilliant Rosa who came back to her in April.

"I want a few weeks' rest, dear, and don't worry me with questions—will you?" said the young girl.

Anna was shrewd enough to guess the cause. She put a cushioned chair in the south window, set her hyacinth glasses there, brought the newest books from the circulating library, and indulged Rosa with cream toast and new-laid eggs and early lettuce. All they talked about was Adelaide's reception and the Coldwell gossip. Rosa wanted to hear all of it. She listened with a placid, expectant sort of interest. If she thought Anna would mention Lester Stannard, though, she expected in vain. Her sister steered cautiously clear of the subject, and Rosa could not bring herself to broach it.

She had been home a week when the letter from the publisher, the letter on which her fate hung, arrived. He felt obliged to decline her manuscript in its present shape. It was brilliant, but unequal; it was immature; he advised her to lay it by for a year, then rewrite it. She put away the letter and

went to bed with a sick headache. It was nothing but a headache she affirmed when another day came and found her no better. Nothing but a headache still when Anna brought Doctor Briggs in two days later. The old doctor himself couldn't see that it was anything else.

"A sort of spring fever," he said; "she must have camomile tea."

The camomile tea did not save her from a low, nervous fever, but Doctor Briggs persisted that she didn't need anything else, and perhaps she didn't—anything that he could give her. She sank very low.

One day when Anna thought her sleeping Rosa lifted her eyes to Lester Stannard's picture in the little rosewood frame, and asked, suddenly:

"Why doesn't he come to see me?"

Anna burst into tears.

"Oh, Rosa, why did you ever drive him away?"

"Whither has he gone?"

"He has not gone—only his heart."

"Oh, well, whither has that gone?"

"I don't think it is best for me to tell you about Lester."

"Yes, it is."

"After you went off, Rosa, he said it seemed too bad for no one to enjoy the cosy home he had prepared, and he wrote his Aunt Becker to come and spend the winter. She came and brought her daughter, a sly pink-and-white little minx. Now—oh, Rosa—they say he is going to marry her."

"That is well," said Rosa, quite calmly. "Now I can send to Lester. I have wanted to see him, but did not like to, for fear—"

"For fear of what, Rosa?"

It was Lester himself who spoke, standing without the door, where he had paused. He came in before there was any answer.

"Rosa, I could not wait any longer to see you. I have, or ought to have, a brother's claim, if no other. Am I right to come?"

"Yes, Lester," she replied, putting her thin hand out. "I have wanted to see you, but dared not send, for fear you should think I made a claim upon you. I have just heard that—that there was now no danger that you would think so."

Anna slipped quietly into the next room. Lester stood looking into the face of the woman he had so dearly loved. Spite of himself, the tears gathered.

"I did not think you were so ill," he said.

"I am dying, my friend," she answered, with her clear, tearless eyes upon him.

"Oh, no, Rosa! Surely there is not much the matter?"

"Yes, there is. Can you think what it is to be bankrupt in everything, Lester—hope, faith, self-respect?"

"Your life has disappointed you?" he said.

"Yes; I was not strong enough for it. I am a failure."

And she smiled.

"Rosa, tell me all about it."

She was silent for a while.

"I should like to," she replied, musingly. "You are my oldest, I think my truest friend. Only you must promise never to talk of what I tell you—to the girl you are going to marry, Lester; I could not have you talk of it to her. Should you mind promising, Lester?"

"I think I may promise," he replied.

Lying there, so white and faded, she told him the whole story of the past four months, told it truly. She saw his hand clenched. His cheeks reddened when she ended.

"He was a scamp," he hissed through his teeth.

"No; the blame was all mine."

"You love him still, Rosa?"

"Oh, no; it is shame of my own weakness and folly and defiance that preys upon me, that I shall never get over."

"There is a way in which you might get over it," he said.

"How?"

"By coming back into the stronghold of the heart you cast away four months ago, Rosa."

"I am past retrieving or undoing," she said, wearily, "and I would not have you break Alice Becker's heart, even to secure—were it possible—my happiness."

"Alice Becker, my cousin? Why, Rosa, she has no claim upon my heart."

"No claim! they told me you were going to marry her."

"No; I never thought of such a thing."

"What have I said and done? I thought I was talking to my friend, not to my old lover."

"To both in one. Whom better could you talk to? Rosa, my love is unchanged. Will you take it again, will you shelter yourself within it, and forget your rebellion?"

"It is too late."

"Not so. You are far from death yet, thank Heaven, Rosa. But you need diversion and care. Happy am I that I am able to give you the best. You do not know that I am a rich man—I know you do not. Speculation after speculation has rolled

tides of wealth upon me for the past year. It was nothing to me without you, but now I prize it. I want you, therefore. It is my right to have you."

"Lester, can you ever forgive me?"

"I don't know; I only know that I love you."

W. H. P.

ECHOES.

THE marvellous sweetness of echoes is a phenomenon which has been often noticed. In mountainous regions—in some parts of the Alps, for instance—a few simple notes drawn from a shepherd's pipe are taken up and sent from hill to mount and from rock to cliff, and reduplicated and intertwined into the most enchanting melodies.

Such results cannot be produced in a small room by any performer from any instrument. It is when one is making music outdoors and for others that Nature brings her arrangements into a powerful and musical orchestral following of a simple leadership. Then, out of five or six notes of the gamut evoked by an unscientific soul from a reed plainer than Pan's, she makes choirs of boys singing in a cathedral, companies of nuns chanting in a convent, and bugle calls, and all the highest capabilities of the organ, until the hearer listens in breathless delight, wondering whether it is heaven or earth that is thus set a-singing.

Down among men's most materialistic pursuits, mechanical labour, and the severities of trade life, this principle finds perpetual illustrations. The man who sets himself to the work of conducting a business, whether large or small, for his own special individual gain, soon finds that he is like the man who has carried his instrument into a small room, closely shut and strongly walled, that he may have all the music folded down upon his own ears. It soon grows dull, monotonous, and stale. The man who strives to make his business pecuniarily profitable to very many people is the out-door musician, to whom echoes reply, reduplicating and multiplying his little capital many thousandfold. He grows most rich and most rapidly rich who most speedily sends pecuniary profits to the largest number of other operators.

The same holds good of our pleasures. There are none who have not had some experience of the dreariness of hunting pleasure for themselves. It is so toilsome, so unproductive, so unsatisfactory. So much so have men found it that we compromise by endeavouring to make the hunt socially, in groups, such as picnics and similar parties. But even then it is only a partial success.

Pleasure is like love, and love is

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, and is not bought."

It is when we do not call it that pleasure comes. It flies the seeker, and seeks the worker. It is when we are least thoughtful of ourselves, and most intent on giving pleasure to others, that we find it coming to us. It is not our own music; it is an echo. We speak a word; it comes back whole sentences. We utter a note; from crag and nook it comes modulated and rhythmic, and the variations of the notes wrought into strains.

In our personal cares and troubles we seek the consolation of philosophy. The logic is sound. Our arguments ought to strengthen and comfort us, but somehow they do not. In our solitary chamber we grow heavier and more sorrowful, reasoning upon our youth and strength and elastic constitutions and troops of friends. Even those friends fail to make us happier. They come to comfort us, and go away brighter than when they came, but leaving us darker. Out of the darkness we go into busy life, hear of some stricken heart, and see some weak shoulder bending lower and lower under its burdens. We run to help the burden-bearer, and our own heavy hearts grow lighter. We speed away to cheer the stricken heart, and all our souls grow musical to our own sorrowful spirit, and we hear in our own words deeper and better things than the listener to whom they are addressed. Earth and heaven make musical echoes out of the utterances of our own hoarse voices.

Therefore let us go out under the open sky, among the grand mountains which were made for other things, but which make echoes, and whatever good, brave, kind word we speak to others shall return laden with emphasis of delight to our own souls. If we go selfishly, asking, "Do you love me?" the playful elfins of the echoes will begin their tantalizing begging of "Love me! love me!" But if a poor, fainting heart lies at our feet, and we shower down tenderness in words, saying, "I love you," a thousand musical spirits of the air will peal their manifold assurances on our ears, each saying, in its own tone, "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

Let us waken the echoes.

H. B.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—It is a curious and not a bad sign of the times that several institutions

called "British Workman" are being opened. They are a sort of public-house minus the intoxicating department. The motto of the one opened at Stan-ningley recently is—

"A public-house without the drink,
Where men can sit, talk, read, and think,
Then safely home return."

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

CHAPTER XIV.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all. *Byron.*

CARRIED away by the powerful emotions wrought in him by the chief event of the evening—the finding of the scrap of paper—Treddie walked on and on, not consciously choosing his way, until he actually surprised himself by the discovery that he was in front of Mrs. Glaston's residence.

All was dark and still. Yet he could not tear himself from its vicinity. Many times he walked slowly up and down, like a policeman on his beat, thinking of many things, and often breathing a wordless prayer to give peace to the slumbers of one whom he loved.

What a warmth of pleasure would have been transfused through his troubled mind could he have known that a sad face at the window had lighted up at sight of him, playing guardman, as it were, to the house; that a pair of dark eyes had dried their tears to follow his movements; and that, at last, when he went reluctantly away, a tired, grieved, sore, and lonesome young heart felt a hundred times lighter and happier for sharing, unknown, his starlit vigil.

The next morning Miss Bromley went to church, at Alice's request, who could not tear herself from her darkened chamber, but who felt as if she should like to know that the prayers of her sister were going up before Heaven's altar on her behalf. Poor child! she felt herself very wicked because still so unconsoled.

Treddie sang in the choir. He had a tenor voice of unusual excellence; and as he poured its golden sweetness into the beautiful anthems of the day Katrine, listening from below, recognized the voice. She also was a sweet singer; her voice was rich and full of strength and meaning, and exquisitely cultivated. She joined in the singing with all her soul. It seemed to her as if her spirit arose through the green-wreathed arches of the church, floating upward into the blue empyrean, soaring, soaring—but not alone—happy, triumphant, full of worship and praise.

But when the music died away and she again became conscious of the decorated temple, the cheerful throngs of men and women, the words of the pastor breathing hope and peace, the thought of her own desolate home returned upon her with double force. She occupied the remainder of her hour in church praying silently that peace might come to Alice.

When she went out she found Treddie in the vestibule waiting to speak as she passed by. He wanted to ask if he might call that evening. She noticed, at once, that his usually florid complexion was pale as from a sleepless night. In her heart the little witch believed that the midnight promenade and thoughts of her had done it; but, great as was her power to make his colour change, it was not she who had given him that troubled look.

"You may come, if you will be contented to see only myself, for I don't believe my sister will leave her room to-day," she answered him as they walked along the pavement together. "If I thought we had anything nice enough to pay you for giving up somebody else's Christmas banquet, I would invite you to go home with me now and share my solitary three-o'clock dinner, when it is ready. If you refuse I shall have to dine absolutely alone; for Alice will not appear. A bit of toast and tea, in her apartment, are her bill of fare, I fear."

"I should like to come so much," was the eager response.

"But I tell you I've not consulted the cook, and haven't the faintest idea what we shall have to eat," said the young lady, discouragingly. "But, if you will be willing to run the risk, I think I shall enjoy what there is far more, not to partake of it entirely alone on Christmas Day."

Willing to run the risk! Thomas Treddie would have dined on sea-biscuit and cold water with the greatest gusto, and esteemed them ambrosia and nectar double distilled, to be asked so prettily, and to gain a whole afternoon of that charming company.

"I hope you don't think I care so much about eating," was his reproachful response. "Certainly what you have must be good enough, and too good

for me, Miss Bromley. If I did not fear Mrs. Glaston would think it an intrusion I should be too honoured and too pleased. It was my intention to call, this evening, on some business relating to Mr. Glaston's affairs; so, if you are sincere in your invitation, I accept at once, and shall consider this the happiest Christmas since I used to share its merriment with my brothers and sisters at home."

"I ought not to be happy and Alice so sad," said Katrine.

"I too have a great and terrible weight on my mind," answered Treddie, in a lowered voice. "It is strange that I can forget it for a moment."

Not so strange, after all. The air was so crisp and sparkling, the sky so bright, the aspect of the world so gay, their rapid walk so invigorating, that it was impossible for their young bodies and spirits to resist the influence. Cheeks would glow, eyes would brighten.

The moment she entered the house Katrine, asking her visitor to take care of himself for a little while, flew upstairs to see her sister. But Alice was down on the floor with her lap full of Harry's letters and notes which he had written during their engagements and such brief separations as had chanced in their married life; she did not wish even Katy's company, and, hearing that Mr. Treddie was downstairs, desired her to go and be as happy as possible.

"I shadow my bright rose too much," said the young widow, with a quivering smile. "I sometimes forget that your life is all before you—not passed, like mine, Katy. If you can get one gleam of pleasure out of this day, I beg of you to do so. And do not think of me as so very miserable. I shall have his letters, darling, and shall try to realize that he is with me, too. Keep Mr. Treddie to dine with you; you are alone far too much, dear," and with a kiss she sent Katy away.

The young lady slipped into her own room before she went down. She had an important errand there—to see how she was looking. She dressed in mourning for her brother-in-law; but now, as no one was to see her but this one friend, she fastened a rose-coloured bow at the throat of her black-silk dress, and studded her dark, softly clustering masses of wavy hair with a ribbon of the same hue.

Splendid eyes flashed back at her from the mirror—glowing cheeks and scarlet lips.

How did she look, indeed!

Satisfied with the answer her glass returned her, she descended to the parlour, where Thomas was walking about, waiting for her; and if the mirror had not told her, his face would have reflected her almost as plainly, beaming, as it did, with surprised admiration. For Treddie had always seen her when she was tired or sad, or had neglected herself in her devotion to others; and if she had been irresistibly pretty under these trying circumstances, how beautiful she must have been now that she had taken pains with herself, and was in a piquant, eager, gay mood, ready to please and be pleased.

The table was laid for two. There was a little bunch of flowers at each plate, the odour of heliotrope and roses flavoured the soup and spiced the fish. Perhaps you have eaten such a meal once in your whole life, reader; if not, we pity you, unless you are very young and it has yet to come. They sat vis-à-vis, often ceasing to eat to look at each other and utter some merry speech.

The dishes were dainty and prettily garnished. At the end of the repast they had each a cup of coffee, fragrant, delicious.

Treddie was all the time secretly wishing that he could dine this way every day, and in the same company, as if he did not know that—

"Christmas comes but once a year," and the careless blisses of love and youth are brief as dreams.

"Oh, my dear, dear, poor sister! I forgot to be sorry that she was not here," exclaimed Katrine, in a tone of self-reproach, as they left the table.

"She sends her Merry Christmas to you both, and hopes you'll enjoy yourselves and not trouble about her," said Rosa, who had been up to her room with some fruit and a cup of coffee. "She drank the coffee, indeed, Miss Bromley, and seemed quite cheerful."

After dinner, as they were looking at a book of engravings by the window, the young couple saw Spiderby go by with his last horse. The night acted on both like a chilling breath of the winter outside. The afternoon sun withdrew into a bank of clouds. Their hour of enjoyment was already past. Katrine thought of a grave in the cemetery; Thomas of something yet more awful.

"I suppose that I must go," he said. "I have to thank you for a very happy day. But I must know the errand of which I spoke before I leave. I cannot explain to you the reason why I ask the question which I am about to ask, and I wish it kept away from Mrs. Glaston. I can trust your discretion,

Miss Bromley. No one but you must know about this and you must be content not to understand it."

"Since you ask it, I am content."

"You are aware, no doubt, that Mr. Glaston left a note to his wife, a few words only, asking her to forgive him, but that he could not bear disgrace."

"Yes, my sister showed me the note."

"Do you know if she has it now?"

"I do not know, positively, but I daresay she has. Probably nothing would tempt her to part with those last words ever penned by her husband."

"They must, indeed, be sadly precious to her. Yet I have to ask you to obtain that note for me, unknown to her, or any one—especially, it must not be known to Spiderby. I will be careful of it, and it shall be returned to her when it has served the purpose which I expect to make it serve."

"It would seem to me like sacrilege to go to my sister's writing-desk and search its contents for that tear-blistered message. Oh, how often have I seen poor Alice dropping tears over it! Is the importance of your purpose great enough to warrant me in such an act?"

"It is. My only reason for not asking Mrs. Glaston for it is that I foresee how it would agitate, distress, and perhaps alarm her. If I could obtain it without her knowledge no harm would be done."

"You agitate me, Mr. Treddle. I cannot imagine what you can want with it. Surely I ought to know all that there is to know. Cannot you trust me?"

"I can, indeed, my dear Miss Bromley. It is only for your sake that I deny myself the privilege of a fuller confidence at present. Heaven knows you have already enough to bear! It would be selfish and cruel in me to add to your responsibilities. Try not to think at all upon the matter; but just get me the paper, and forget that I have said. Dare I ask that much of your generosity?"

"I cannot imagine why you want it," was the evasive answer as Katrina looked reflectively at the leaden clouds piling up in the horizon. She was a conscientious girl; it was no idle curiosity, or pique at not having that curiosity gratified, which delayed her decision. She felt that she had no right to give so important a document into the possession of even Mr. Treddle—fully as she trusted his truth and honour—without a very good reason.

"I would like to do it—because you ask it—to prove that I have confidence in your word," she added, with a blush. "If you can persuade me that I am doing right, I shall not object to finding the note for you if I can do it without my sister's knowledge."

As Treddle met her earnest eyes he longed to tell her the whole truth, not only to justify himself, but to warn her against the man who appeared to have so much the better right to counsel her and her sister. But the story was too shocking. That bright face was too young, too innocent, to be whitened by the tale of crime, the knowledge of which was almost more than he could bear.

If the whole thing came to the public knowledge—as he was determined it should—then she and Mrs. Glaston must hear and know.

For the present, especially as he might be away a part of the time, he could not bring himself to burden them with the frightful reality.

"Miss Bromley, I do wish you would trust me implicitly in this matter—trust my judgment, I mean, as well as my word."

"I will," said Katrina, suddenly, in that decided way peculiar to her.

"And not torment yourself thinking about it?"

"I will try not to think of it."

"Thank you. Shall I come here to-morrow night for the paper?"

"If you please."

"Then I will come. Good night, Miss Katrina. This has been a pleasant day to me."

He held out his hand, and as she placed hers in it his clasp closed warmly and lingeringly over it. But he did not speak the words which trembled in his heart. His mind by this time was too full of that other matter. The mere passing by of Spiderby had broken the sweet enthrallment which was drawing the pair together.

The griefs and cares of others came between them like a hand pushing them apart. Nevertheless, Thomas resolved that, before he went to London, if he did go, Katrina should know that she had a friend and protector—a lover, ready to live or die in her cause.

CHAPTER XV.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close,

As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets

The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Thomas Moore.

WHEN Treddle entered the bank the following morning he saw that Spiderby had already arrived, and was in his private office.

"Who gave you the key?" he asked of Peter, at the door.

"He called last evening and left it at our house. It's the first time he's been there since he got his walking-papers that time I told you of. He must have oiled his tongue just before he came, for it went as soft and easy as ever you heard. He had a shawl for mother and some little things for sister, and said they needn't be a bit afraid to take them; he was ashamed and sorry for what he had said before, and, as he expected now to be married within a few months to a very fine young lady, he wanted it all made up and forgot. But there! I can't tell you all now, sir, for he's looking at us out of his web, Spider by."

Treddle went back to his place on his high stool behind the railing. The business of the day had not commenced. He used generally a goose-quill in writing, and he now occupied himself in making half-a-dozen pens, while he ruminated on that assertion of the banker's that he was soon going to marry.

Was it true?—and, if so, whom?

A jealous pang darted through him as he thought, for an instant, that it might be Katrina Bromley. The next instant he laughed at himself, recollecting that each entertained for the other more of positive aversion than of fondness. Treddle could not recall any young lady in Barnley to whom Mr. Spiderby had been particularly attentive. But then the cashier went but seldom into these "charmed circles" of aristocratic wealth where the banker's acquaintance lay. He probably never would have been so intimate with the Glastons had circumstances not willed it.

Owing to his handsome face, his unexceptionable habits, and a quiet, gentlemanly manner which he had, Treddle was gradually winning a fine place in society, despite his moderate salary.

It was known that he was confidential adviser to the firm, and would probably be assisted to a better position before long. However, he visited but little; and, as we have said, was apt to be quite ignorant of the attentions which his employer might pay to any of the belles of Barnley. Also, it might be that the lady of the banker's choice did not reside in Barnley at all. She might be a London lady. Spiderby always visited the metropolis as often as once a fortnight.

Treddle, whittling at his pens, spoiling quills quite recklessly, kept thinking about it. He doubted the truth of Spiderby's assertion that he was going to be married. If it should be true, it added to his—Treddle's—painful responsibility. Another victim was to be dragged under the slow-rolling and pitiless Juggernaut of Justice, which, in crushing the criminal, often pulled down so many of the innocent to suffer his disgrace with him. Spiderby must not be permitted to take a wife. Or, having taken one, then for the sake of the guiltless partner must his hideous guilt be for ever covered up and hidden in the two hearts which alone, besides his own, were cognizant of it.

Should Spiderby marry, Treddle felt that he should never accuse him of the murder. His conscience urged him to do his duty at once.

Looking up, with this very thought in his mind, from the pen he was making, his eyes encountered those of the man about whom he had been thinking.

It was not strange that his glance wavered and fell—not so quickly, however, but that he perceived a sinister, mocking smile deep down in those black eyes, whose light usually played only on the surface.

"Good morning, Treddle."

"Good morning, Mr. Spiderby."

The cashier forced himself to look up pleasantly, then he saw that the banker's countenance had changed greatly since Christmas Eve—a change indefinable but powerful. It did not lay so much in the yellow pallor of the skin, and a look as if he had been ill, as it did in the new lines stamped upon it. He looked older, and appeared to be exercising a strong restraint to prevent his restlessness of mind from breaking out in his words and movements.

"I trust you had a Merry Christmas."

"Thank you, I did—a very pleasant day indeed."

"You were more fortunate than I. I was not well, and had a dreary day of it. What I want to speak about is this. I have changed my mind respecting the business in London. In thinking it over I have decided that Manchester is the place. A sharp man can make money there in more than one way. Besides, I have a large debt due me in Manchester, which I have been trying to get for over a year. It is about two thousand pounds, and is held against a flour merchant there who has property. I have made up my mind to collect it from his estate. But I would like some one to go on and attend to it. I am not satisfied just to place it in the hands of some unknown lawyer of that city. If you will go on for me, you can, at the same time, receive my instructions, and make up your mind how you like Man-

chester—if you could be content to settle there, and what the chances are for such a business as I propose. I am willing to give you extra inducements. In the first place, you shall have half the debt for collecting it—a half of whatever part of it you obtain. How does this strike you?"

Treddle felt that he was being bought off. Either Spiderby had been given reason to fear that he knew something of Mr. Glaston's disappearance, or else his guilty conscience would give him no peace while surrounded by those who had known and loved his former partner.

The banker wanted to get rid of Treddle.

The cashier saw through it so plainly that it seemed to him the other must be reading him as clearly. Perhaps Spiderby did read him as easily as he feared. A glitter of something very like an ugly threat shone in his eye as his companion hesitated.

"Your offer is liberal, sir, but—"

"But? I have heard you say, frequently, that you would like, of all things, to try your fortunes there."

"I have said so; but that was before—"

"You were chained here by the golden fetters which Miss Bromley holds in her fair hand. Just so. But your wife cannot live on a hundred or two year. If I rightly translate the flash of her spirited eye, Miss Bromley is ambitious. She would not object to your gaining wealth and influence. Go, and as soon as you are firmly established come back after your bride. I give you six months to accomplish it. Indeed, if I were not certain that Miss Katrina could not be induced to leave her sister at present, I would say take her with you."

"You plan for us quite too freely," said Thomas, half laughing. "Don't mention the young lady, again, please, until I have some right to suppose she prefers me. I doubt if she would like it."

"Then you did not propose yesterday?" said the banker, quickly. "I beg your pardon, Thomas; but surely my interest in that family, as well as my intimacy with you, justifies me being a little impertinent. I mean it all in pure friendliness. Come, how about Manchester?"

"I will decide in one week, Mr. Spiderby."

"I will not give you a day. Why, bless your soul, I want you to start by the night express. What's to hinder? You have but to pack your travelling-bag and you are off."

"I cannot promise to go under a week. I have some affairs of my own to attend to."

"Will you promise to go then?"

"If nothing happen between this and that to cause me to break my resolution."

"Ay, ay. Rather an uncertain promise for me to act on."

Mr. Spiderby was evidently offended. He turned away abruptly, pretty soon afterwards leaving the bank. When he came back about an hour later he appeared to have conquered his anger, but he looked more ill, and acted more restlessly than ever. He was in and out every little while all day. He made frequent errands to the cashier's little raised-off compartment, entering it several times, and, despite his excuses, being so determined to get near Treddle that after a time the latter almost suspected him of some design upon him. The idea was absurd, as Thomas acknowledged to himself; yet he felt convinced there was some covert meaning in the movements of his employer.

The day passed slowly enough. There was not much business doing, and soon after three o'clock all parties were ready to close the bank.

Peter, who had spent most of the day cracking and eating nuts, wanted to finish his communication to Mr. Treddle; but the banker stood on the steps, with his eyes on his every movement, and did not leave until all the others had started on their several ways.

Treddle could no longer doubt that he and Peter were under espionage.

"This complicates matters," he muttered as he walked slowly toward his home. "I wish to Heaven that stupid fellow had made his charge at the time of the disappearance. The defence can now very plausibly bring forward the fact of his silence at the time as proof that the story is but an after-plot, got up for some purpose of revenge, or to create an excitement. I really do not know what to do. I have the books, and I have the paper as witnesses, if the defence do not turn round on me and accuse me of being the forger. Nothing more likely. Indeed, I may think best to go to Manchester for a season, to escape Mr. Glaston's fate, now that a certain person's suspicions are aroused. I believe he missed that paper. Something has happened since we last met."

Thomas ate his dinner with little relish. He was impatient for the evening, not only to see Miss Bromley, but to get the note which she had promised to try and obtain for him.



[“ONLY DO WHAT I ASKED YOU.”]

He went up to his room, brightened up the fire in the tiny grate, took a book, and tried to read by the waning sunset light.

There was still more than an hour to kill before he could venture to call at Mrs. Glaston's. The book interested him so little that he continually found himself playing artist and painting Katrine Bromley's face on the blue sky with the rosy tints and deeper shadows of twilight.

In the midst of this pleasant occupation he was startled by a faint knock at his door—startled because he was getting in that nervous state that everything unexpected startled him.

Opening the door, he saw standing there in a shrinking attitude a female figure, slender, though wrapped in a large shawl. It was not until after, at his bidding, she had advanced into the room, and stood facing the window, that he recognized Effie Cooper. His first thought was that something had happened to Peter, she looked so embarrassed, while her eyes were red with crying.

“Nothing wrong at home?” asked Treddle, kindly, placing a chair.

“Oh, no—nothing, Mr. Treddle.”

She sank into the chair, played with a corner of her shawl, looked out of the window, and finally into the face of the young gentleman.

“I am afraid you will think me very bold, but I came on my own affairs, Mr. Treddle. Nobody dreams of my coming here. I don't know how to explain myself, or to say what I want to say. Indeed, I'm very unhappy!” she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

“What about, Miss Effie? Can I help you? If I can, tell me how.”

“You can help me. At least, you can remove this horrible, horrible weight here,” pressing her hand to her heart. “Not remove it, but lessen it, I mean.”

Had Treddle been a vain fellow he might have suspected that the young sempstress had come there to make love to him. But so idle a thought did not enter his mind. He simply wondered.

“You must tell me what it is,” he said, gently.

“I will, as soon as I can. It is—it is—Mr. Spiderby.”

“Spiderby!” echoed her listener.

“Yes. I don't want you to follow him up, Mr. Treddle. I don't want you and my brother to accuse—to punish him. The thought of it is killing me.”

“But if he is guilty, as Peter affirms, would you allow him to go unpunished? Think of poor Mrs. Glaston.”

“I do think of her,” rejoined the girl, with strange bitterness, which her companion did not in the least understand. “She will console herself before long, mark my words! What is done can't be undone. To take another life will not restore the one which has been taken. Oh, think of it! Be merciful! ‘Judge not, that ye be not judged.’”

“Yes; but it is our duty not to conceal such iniquity. It seems strange to me, Miss Effie, that you should plead that bad man's cause—you, who know how bad he is!”

“He may be bad to others, but he is not so to me. I can't forget how kind he used to be. I cannot wish to do him harm.”

Treddle looked at her with compassionate surprise. He recalled what Peter had said, and saw its truth.

“I am very sorry that you think so well of him,” he said.

“I don't believe that he murdered Mr. Glaston,” she went on, excitedly. “Peter has strange spells sometimes. He has always had them. He fancies things. He is great on dreams and visions. Tell me this, would you believe him if you were convinced that, all this time, he had only told you half the story about throwing the body in the river?”

“Why do you ask such a question?”

“Because he never told you the end of the story. Did he tell you that he fished the body out immediately after it was thrown in?”

“No, he never told me that.”

“Did he tell you that he brought it to our house?”

“Never.”

“Did he tell you who took it away, or what became of it?”

“He did not.”

“Then let me warn you. Be careful of what you do—of whom you accuse.”

“But Peter's word is not all the proof. I have been on other tracks. His statement is strengthened and supplemented by discoveries of mine.”

“What? What?”

Her eager tone warned him to be cautious. It would be very imprudent to lay his evidence before this person, whose feelings might lead her to make use of it for the benefit of the guilty.

“You will know in due time.”

“You mean when it is produced in evidence. Oh, Mr. Treddle, promise me that you will never bring him to justice!”

“I dare not promise that, Miss Effie. If ever a person richly deserved the fullest punishment of the law it is that man. For the sake of a few paltry thousands, and to get a good business all into his own

hands, he struck down his partner in the bloom of his youth, the beginning of his usefulness!”

“That was not his motive!” replied the girl, almost with scorn. “Mr. Spiderby does not care so much for money. But, mind you, I don't admit his guilt. Peter is not a competent witness; I'll swear it in the box, if I'm called up. I shouldn't wonder if you got yourself into trouble, Mr. Treddle. I warn you, you will. There's things you know nothing about. Peter hasn't told you all.”

“That surprises me the most of anything,” remarked Thomas.

“You'd better let it drop,” she repeated, seeing the impression she had made.

“I shall be governed by circumstances, Miss Effie.”

“At least you will promise me,” she said, eagerly, “to keep it to yourself that I came here to see you? Mother would be astonished and very angry if she knew it. She despises him, mother does. You won't say anything to her or Peter, will you?”

“Certainly not, if it is against your wishes.”

“I must go now,” said Effie, rising from her seat.

“Must go—so soon?” asked Treddle.

“Yes, yes! I had no business to come here at all, that's the fact,” her nervousness and trembling returning upon her. “But I have been almost crazy, thinking about it, and not daring to let 'em know how I feel; and I thought I'd come to you; and, after all, I'm afraid it hasn't done much good.”

“It has done no harm,” replied Thomas, encouragingly, seeing how agitated she was. “I don't blame you, Miss Effie. Still I should not be a true friend, I should not merit your confidence, did I not say what is in my thoughts, that I deeply regret to see the power which that person has over you—over your conscience and your happiness. No good can ever come of it. Let me beseech you to struggle against that power, to condemn and cast it off. Only thus can you recover your peace of mind, and become your old self once more—worthy of some honest man's best affection.”

“I know it! I know it! Your words are as true as gospel, sir. But I can't help it. I loved him before I knew how base he was. He was so generous, so like a prince—I was so young—so young—I gave him my whole heart, and now I cannot take it back. I would if I could, indeed, indeed!”

She pulled down her veil to hide her weeping, and went with a faltering step into the hall, now lighted for the evening.

“Only do what I asked you!” she pleaded once more, half turning on the stairs.

(To be continued.)



SWEET EGLANTINE;

OR,
THE STRANGE UNKNOWN.

BY THE

Author of "Evander," "Heart's Content," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

Her eyes were resistless in their witching softness, and a certain tremulous smile that seemed half born of a sigh was on her lip as she held out in playfulness, yet in earnest, her white, jewelled hand, while she leant softly towards him. What man could have rejected the hand or the friendship?

Oneda.

It was ten o'clock when Leon Dansert drew up his handsome phaeton before the house at Falling Water. He had driven Eglantine over at her particular request. There was a haggard, jaded look about him which betokened that he had slept little, and that what sleep he had enjoyed was unrefreshing and had done him little good. His mind was at work, and such minds as his, when active, play sad havoc with their possessors. The discovery of the night before had upset him and he knew no rest. Throwing the reins to the groom, who, having jumped down from behind, stood at the horse's head, he assisted Eglantine to alight, and they entered the house together. Everard Bourne met them at the entrance to the breakfast room, and Leon held out his hand to Everard as if he didn't hate him in his heart, while Eglantine smiled and blushed when Everard's manly grasp almost crushed her small, delicate hand in the warmth of his welcome.

"I don't know whether I can offer you any breakfast, Miss Pasaingham," he exclaimed; "but if some Strasburg pie and a glass of claret will find favour in your eyes they are very much at your service, with all sorts of eteteras in the shape of anchovies, caviare, sardines, marmalades, and the various knickknacks with which we cheat our appetites."

"Thank you very much," rejoined Eglantine. "I am not ashamed of a country girl's appetite, and I will accept your kind offer. Is Lily almost ready?"

"By this time yes. She has been occupied for an hour or more in writing letters. Her correspondence is most voluminous, and the way in which she will cross and recross her pink, scented sheets of note-paper must be as marvellous as tedious to those whom she favours with her literary efforts. I often ask myself how it is women can waste so much time that ought to be valuable in retailing all the scandal of the neighbourhood in which their lot is cast."

"Oh, Mr. Bourne, that is ungenerous of you," said

[DANGER.]

Eglantine, smiling. "How do you know we have nothing better to say than to retail scandal? As to letter-writing, a woman's sphere is so confined until she is married. We cannot be eternally working things in crochet, making slippers or smoking-caps for our favourites, or stitching away for dear life at flannel coverings for poor people in the winter."

"For my part," observed Leon, who liked to be cynical, "I think a woman's letter rather good fun, when you have finished reading the paper and have nothing better to do. It helps out a cigar, and is generally amusing. I know some girls whose letters are great fun, though the writers would not be highly flattered if they heard them read out for the public good in the clubs, which often happens. I think though, as a rule, men would be happier if women did not know how to write at all."

"This is dreadful," exclaimed Lily, coming up with her hand full of letters. "I never heard anything so heterodox in my life. You deserve to be banished from ladies' society for a month, then you would wholly relapse into the savage state."

"From which he does not seem to be far removed at present," said Eglantine—adding quickly as she saw he was pained, "But Leon is a good boy generally, and does not mean all that he says."

"Thank you," observed Leon. "It is peculiarly a woman's province to wound in one breath and heal in another."

They entered the breakfast-room, and Everard assisted Eglantine, telling Leon to help himself; but he shook his head, saying he could not eat. He had passed a bad night, and lay awake for hours reading a French novel, which he considered a most agreeable pastime on a summer morning.

"What is the nature of your excursion to-day?" inquired Everard, addressing Eglantine.

"We are going to walk over to the Wilds on a sketching expedition, that is all, though I have some hidden fear of the new proprietor, who may come out upon us like an ogre, and send us away, which would be tiresome," Eglantine replied.

"He could not be so hard-hearted. It is not often he would see such wood nymphs at the Wilds, and if he is not very hard-hearted he will bless himself for a vision of beauty, and make you welcome. But I must warn you against one thing—"

"What is that?" asked both girls, in a breath. "I have heard from my keeper this morning that the new proprietor has brought over with him a small herd of buffaloes which he has turned out in the park."

"Are they fierce?"

"I should imagine so," replied Everard Bourne.

"If I were inclined to break that first command-

ment of the landed gentry, 'Thou shalt not trespass,' I should fear the buffaloes more than steel traps or spring guns, or even a commitment to prison."

"Oh, Lily dear, do you hear that?" cried Eglantine, much alarmed. "I think we had best give up our excursion. Fancy being tossed and gored by a buffalo! How dreadful! Men ought not to be allowed to bring such animals over."

"He does not put them on the highway. It is his own land," answered Lily. "Perhaps we shall not see them. Besides, to me, the presence of the buffaloes adds a zest to the journey. Adventure loses its charm without danger. If you will not come with me I shall go alone."

"May I have the happiness of accompanying you?" said Leon.

"Or I?" cried Everard, speaking to Eglantine.

"No," rejoined Lily, "before Eglantine could answer, though her soft blue eyes had already said yes. 'Ours is exclusively a feminine ramble. If we have you with us we shall talk and not do any work. Fancy a splendid sweep of hill and dale, with a thick pine wood in the background, and the cattle grazing before us. That will be worth committing to paper.'"

Her eyes glistered with enthusiasm, for though practically not an artist she had a true appreciation of art, and often stood for hours in contemplation before the masterpieces of Titian, Murillo, Claude, Salvator, and our own inimitable landscape painter, Gainsborough, which adorned the walls of her brother's gallery.

Everard did not press her, for he knew his sister's determined temper, and that when once her mind was made up nothing could turn her from her set purpose. At times she was like a cat purring before the hearth, but, if thwarted, the velvet paws bristled with sharp claws, and she knew how to wound. After all there might be no risk. Perhaps the buffaloes were tame, so Everard carelessly peeled an apricot and said nothing more upon the subject.

Leon lighted a cigar—he was a constant smoker—and exclaimed:

"While the girls are gone I vote we pay some attention to the rabbits. I have not shot over your warrens for some time. How do you find the birds this year? They tell me the broods are small, and the young birds wild and strong on the wing."

So two parties were made up, and the girls started off with their portfolios under their arms, promising to come back in time for a late lunch at three o'clock. When they had gone Everard Bourne ordered the guns to be taken to the warren, and, going into the yard, whistled his favourite dogs out

of the kennels, and strolled with Leon towards the end of the park, where in a bit of dry sandy soil a colony of rabbits burrowed to their hearts' content.

Falling Water was a charming estate in one of the most picturesque parts of Essex. A stream meandering through a tract of meadow land fell over a slight declivity, and formed a pretty water-fall, which was farther improved by art. Huge boulders of ornamental rock were scattered about, and the bed of the stream having been enlarged for some miles a dam had been constructed which made it a passable stream for trout, with which it was plentifully stocked.

But though Falling Water was a very charming estate of about four thousand acres in a ring fence it could not compare for wild and rugged grandeur with the Wilds. For years the Wilds had had no tenant; its owner took a dislike to it because by some mysterious fate his wife and six children died there within twelve months. He went to London, and though the land was duly farmed he would allow no one to inhabit the house. It was supposed that so long as he lived it never would be inhabited, and the report of its having a tenant took every one by surprise. There having been no gardener attached to the house, the shrubberies and garden ran perfectly wild, and would have enchanted any one loving nature in its rudest and most luxuriant garb. To some minds there is something infinitely grander in vegetation untrammelled by the confining arts of civilization. Trimly kept walks are apt to offend the artist's eye, and flowers made to grow to order tire at last.

In the park, which was well timbered by ancient and spreading trees, herds of deer wandered hither and thither, not a single head having been killed for twenty years—the park, and the woods around it, as well as the house and the gardens, being kept sacred and free from the feet of intruders by two keepers, who religiously obeyed the orders of their master. The consequence was that game of all sorts abounded, and the preserves were the envy of sportsmen for miles round.

Eglantine and her friend had been permitted by the keepers to enter the park, because they could do no harm and did not mind paying a small sum for the privilege.

The girls chatted gaily as they walked along, their silvery voices making music as pleasant as the songs of the birds, or the murmuring of the breeze, or the warbling of the brook. They had forgotten the buffaloes ere they reached the park, which they were about to enter at the gate, near which was a keeper's lodge, when the wife of the man came out, and, making a courtesy, said:

"I don't know, miss, whether it is right for you to go in. Mr. Morgan, the new owner, has given orders that all people are to be kept out of the Wilds. My good man is not at home or he could tell you more than me; still, if you want to go, it is not for me to stop you."

Thinking the woman was soliciting a fee, Lily exclaimed, in her testy manner:

"Why cannot you say you want half-a-crown? There it is. I would gladly pay ten times the sum for the privilege of visiting this lovely park."

"It is not that indeed, miss," the park-keeper's wife replied, making another courtesy as she pocketed the money. "The orders were very strict, and Mr. Morgan is going to prosecute everybody; he won't have people on his land he says. If people like the country and the beauties of nature let them work and make money as he did, and buy their own lands; they shall not go upon his."

"Oh!" said Lily Bourne, tossing her aristocratic head. "He is a self-made man! I am sure I shall not like him. If we meet we shall quarrel, for the architect of his own fortune is generally a disagreeable builder."

"How is that, dear?" asked Eglantine as they struck off across the long grass.

"Self-made men have had so much to put up with, darling," answered Lily. "Making one's own fortune is a difficult process, and calculated to sour the temper of any man. He has met with continual rebuffs; society has tried to keep him down, and of course he is anxious to be revenged upon society when he has the power. Being always at work, and always harassed, he grows gruff and surly, answers in monosyllables, and behaves rudely to women often without meaning it. I am sure our unknown is a bear; if he is not, I shall be agreeably disappointed."

"Do you intend to call upon him?"

"I think not. I must be guided by Everard in that. If he wish it, of course I will drive over, though he is terribly exclusive—more so than I am. He will not know cads. Perhaps this man has made all his money in trade—say pickles—selling pickles is, I have heard, very profitable—and he will give you a dissertation on the comparative merits of white and red vinegar and the superiority of gherkins over cucumbers. Or he may have been a harness-maker, and will find fault with the trappings of your horse. Or a dealer in soap, or matches, or even a rag mer-

chant, and will look admiringly at one if one happen to have an old dress on. Fudge! Why don't such people keep in their darling Whitechapel?"

"How you run on, Lily dear," answered Eglantine. "I am sure I should not despise a man because he had become rich by his own exertions. I should honour and respect him for it. It would be a letter of recommendation in my eyes. He must have merit. Our ancestors, Lily, had a beginning. Who were our relations who laid the foundations of our fortunes? I don't know how far papa can go back, for I never bother myself with heraldic matters and genealogical inquiries."

"The Bournes came over with the Conqueror," said Lily.

"Very well. What were the Conqueror's followers? Those who came with William the Norman were freebooters, robbers, who attacked a peaceful nation with whom they had no cause of quarrel. There is nothing to be very proud of in that boast. I would rather say that my father led an unblemished life and raised himself to a level with the best in the land."

"How can a new man ever be on a level with a gentleman? What nonsense you talk, dear Eglantine," answered Lily. "Education, breeding, manner, the association with men of his own class, make a gentleman."

"That is not my opinion," said Eglantine, with her sweet smile, "and I am not going to be argued into despising people by your superior attainments and logical power, Lily, because they were born low down in the social scale. Let us select a spot and begin to sketch. If we are to talk and waste our time, we might as well have brought Leon and Everard with us."

They were on high ground, and before them stretched a wide expanse of tree-dotted grassland, with here and there patches of fern. Herds of deer containing stags with more royals than are usually seen roved about at will. Nobody molested them. The stream which ran over the fall and Everard Bourne's place made a circuit and came down to the lowland, running through the park at the Wilds, where it was again dammed up and went slowly towards Stanstead.

The stream was very small but extremely pretty, with its trout and its pike, its perch and its water-lilies. Water always adds a charm to the country. It gives an excuse for the erection of rustic bridges, and falls, and fountains. It encourages fishes and fertilises the land. The Wilds would have been imperfect without it, and it gave the finishing touch to its beauty.

In the distance stood the house, an old, castellated mansion, that could show a breach in its walls made by Cromwell's cannon, for it had given shelter to the unfortunate but not criminal Stuart, who paid for his folly and misgovernment by the loss of his head and his crown. River, trees, deer, house, taken together, formed a picture which was worthy the ambition of the young artists, who produced their paraphernalia and, seating themselves on the grass, set to work with a true appreciation of the beauties which they had selected to study.

"I don't think one need go to the Matterhorn or the Jung Fran for wild, picturesque beauty, when we have so much that is striking in a milder way at home," said Eglantine. "An Alp would not please me so much as what I am now gazing at; here one enjoys everything without fatigue or danger."

"Which latter for me enhances the pleasure," answered Lily Bourne. "I revel in excitement. I love danger for its own sake. I really think I ought to have been a man, not a woman."

Lily Bourne had scarcely finished speaking when several strange-looking creatures came in sight. The girls counted thirteen in all. They somewhat resembled bulls, but they were rougher in their aspect, and Lily at once came to the conclusion that they were the buffaloes of which they had heard, and in reality they were.

One, apparently the leader of the herd, snorted loudly and, pawing the earth, looked at the girls with a wild, ferocious glare, which so frightened Eglantine that she threw down her drawing materials and ran for the shelter of a group of trees to the right of the position which they had taken up. This movement was the worst she could have made. The buffalo was angered at her presence in what he considered his domain, and his rage was increased when he saw an object flying before him. If she had gained the clump of trees she might have glided from one to the other, and baffled pursuit. But before she could do so her foot caught against the root of a gnarled tree and she fell heavily forward among the long ferns, knowing from the shriek which arose from Lily that the bull was close upon her, and that her danger was imminent although she could see nothing.

Suddenly the clear 'ping' of a shot rang through the air, and Eglantine raised herself half-out of the fern to see what was taking place.

Lily Bourne was where she had left her, afraid to move and speechless with terror. The herd of buf-

faloes stood still with their heads erect, watching the movements of the bull, who was bleeding from a wound in the flank, which however had done him little material injury. The pain he suffered increased his fury, and he lashed his side with his tail, bellowing in an ominous manner. Not twenty yards off stood a tall, handsome man with a dark beard and whiskers, his complexion bronzed by exposure to a tropical sun. He had on a black velvet jacket and wore round his neck a blue tie, fastened in a sailor's knot. His glance met that of Eglantine and her eyes fell before the intensity flashed from his. In his hand he carried a rifle, which he was about to reload. But before he could do so the bull, lowering his long, curved horns, dashed at him in a straight line. He threw his rifle away. It was useless now. Eglantine thought he must infallibly be killed, and, kneeling down in the fern, clasped her hands and prayed for him who up to the present time had been her deliverer.

He was just able to draw a bowie knife from his pocket and let its blade flash in the sunshine when the bull was upon him. Leaping nimbly on one side with the agility of a fighter in the arenas of Spain, he boldly seized the animal by one of its horns, as it turned to attack him again, and plunged his knife again and again into its huge body. The brute fell on its knees, attempted to rise, staggered, bellowed faintly as if in pain, fell down again, a film came over its eyes, it drew its breath shortly and with evident difficulty, then it rolled over on its side dead.

The stranger knew that he had administered a death blow and did not wait to watch it expire in its final agony. He again possessed himself of his rifle and loaded it, fearful of an attack from some other member of the herd, but they, apparently deterred by the fate of their companion, snuffed up the air, reeking with the steam of the blood, and making strange noises hurried off at a trot to another part of the park.

"Are you hurt in any way?" exclaimed the stranger, approaching Eglantine, who had now risen to her feet, scarcely able to believe that it was not all a dream.

"No, not hurt; only frightened," she replied. "Thanks to your courage, I am still living, when I shudder to think what I might have been—crushed, mangled!"

"Considering that this park is mine, and that I have imported the dangerous cattle, one of which has behaved so badly, I think I ought to do what I can to protect people, no matter how great the risk to myself may be," he said, with a smile.

"Even when they are trespassers?" asked Eglantine. "That reminds me, however, if you are Mr. Vigers Morgan, the new owner of this property, of whom we have heard, we owe you some sort of an apology for coming upon your land without first asking permission; but the fact is we are so fond of the beautiful scenery, and have been here so often before when the Wilds was untenanted, that—"

"Do not say a word, I beg," interrupted Mr. Vigers Morgan. "I am very happy indeed to have made the acquaintance of such charming neighbours."

This was said with well-bred ease, and with a bow to Lily Bourne, who now joined them, after having packed up the sketching materials, giving drawing up as impracticable for that day at least.

"This is Mr. Morgan, Lily, the new lord of the soil," cried Eglantine, "and I am trying to thank him for his bravery, but I am such a blunderer that I wish you would help me."

"If Mr. Morgan had not put dangerous creatures in his park it would not have happened," said Lily, coldly.

"That is precisely what I say," observed the gentleman himself.

"But," persisted Eglantine, "if we had not been where we had no business—"

"Pardon me if I interrupt you," said Mr. Morgan. "I want no thanks. I admit that I am in the wrong about the buffaloes, and will have them confined in future to a particular part of the park. As for yourselves, I hope you will not scruple to ramble all over my property of your own sweet wills whenever you have the inclination."

"I must confess," exclaimed Lily, "that your park will lose half its charms to me if I have permission to enter it. I like sometimes to know I am going whither I ought not to. There is a pleasure in doing wrong which none but sinners know—that is, when the wrong is not very bad, and does not exceed a little innocent wandering over other people's property."

"Shall I cancel my permission, and say that I will have you prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law?"

"That will be better."

"Very well. On a future occasion look out for pains and penalties. This time I shall pass over your delinquency. Pray go on with your amusement. You were sketching, were you not? Yes; I thought so. Can I send you any refreshment down

here? I am going back to the house, and one of my people will soon run with it."

"Thank you, no," rejoined Eglantine. "If Lily has no objection, I propose that we return home ourselves. I feel a little nervous."

"None whatever," said Lily Bourne, who was instantly regarding the dead bull.

"If you will walk slowly to the lodge I will send my carriage to meet you. The fatigue of walking in your nervous state may be prejudicial to your health," continued Mr. Morgan.

This offer was declined with equal firmness, and Lily, admiring the ample proportions of the buffalo, praised the skill of its conqueror in no measured terms.

"Oh! that is nothing to me," he exclaimed, with a proud look. "I have killed bigger than he on the Pampas of South America. Permit me to carry your portfolios and escort you to the extremity of the park. May I? Thank you. Now do not think me curious if I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking."

"I am Miss Bourne, of Falling Water, and my friend is the only daughter of Captain Passingham, of Stanstead," answered Lily.

Vigers Morgan turned pale beneath his dark skin, and looked curiously at Sweet Eglantine, who was unconscious of his gaze. Quickly recovering himself, though his pallor deepened, he fancied his momentary agitation was unnoticed by either of the girls.

He walked to the Lodge with them, talking of indifferent subjects; and in taking leave expressed a hope that he should see them again soon.

CHAPTER IV.

Sudden incidents, unexpected change,
Have wrought commotion in our country life,
And made us long for that sweet place again
Which formerly we had enjoyed. Anon.

"WHAT a narrow escape I have had!" said Eglantine as the girls walked along the soft grass by the side of the dusty road on their way home. "I feel it all more now than it is over."

"How strangely he started when he heard your name," observed Lily Bourne, whose mind was set upon that one thing.

"Did he? It escaped my notice," replied Eglantine.

"You should have seen his face—at first all gentleness and admiration. Have you ever seen the sea calm as a mill-pond before a storm? You have. Well then, fancy his face swept by a tempest—very brief in its duration I grant you, but a tempest nevertheless. It seemed as if his heart was struggling with all man's evil passions at once."

"Oh, Lily, you frighten me—why should the bare mention of my name excite him like this? It must be your imagination, dear. Confess that it is a little too vivid at times."

"I scarcely know what to think," rejoined Lily. "There is the fact, that is all I can say. He was deeply moved. That man has a terrible past, I am certain of it. I do not say he is wholly bad, but there is more evil than good in him. I am sorry he has come to live here."

"I am neither glad nor sorry, for I don't suppose I shall see much of him," answered Eglantine, smiling in her sweet way.

Nothing troubled her long. Her disposition was too happy a one to allow her to give shelter to sorrow or suspicion, and she did not share her friend's gloomy anticipations. They were both glad when they reached Falling Water in good time for the late lunch of which Everard had spoken. The men had given up rabbit shooting. It was too hot. With the thermometer over eighty, everything that requires locomotion is a fatigue; so they went out into the garden, and sat down under some trees, just near enough to the pleasant water-fall to be occasionally sprinkled with its spray, while its roar made music in their ears and lulled their senses. Everard made a champagne cup, and Leon produced his cigar case filled with Manillas, and when found by the girls they were lying on their backs smoking, the incarnation of idleness.

"Get up, sir, at once. I cannot allow such laziness," exclaimed Lily, addressing her brother. "It is perfectly disgraceful."

Everard turned half round, and leant on his elbow, saying:

"Perfectly impossible, Lily. I have become a convert to the *doce far niente* principle. Have the goodness to hand me the champagne cup. It is delightful to be waited upon by fair damozels."

"You have been lying here while Eglantine has nearly lost her life, and is trembling now, poor child, at the bare recollection of the scene she has gone through. Give up the cup! I shall do nothing of the sort, sir. Get up and help yourself," answered Lily, with mock severity.

Eglantine in danger! He had not thought of that. But the very mention of such a thing caused him to spring to his feet and ask for an explanation, which was given him with full and voluminous

details, both girls speaking at once with a prolixity that was embarrassing.

"A plucky fellow, that Morgan. I must know him," said Everard. "But I am so glad, so sincerely rejoiced to think you were not hurt, Miss Passingham."

"You will not like him, though he is very handsome," said Lily. "I made up my mind not to like him from the first. I scarcely know why."

"A truly feminine reason," Everard replied, with a laugh.

The sound of a gong, beaten in the hall, announced that lunch was ready, and they strolled back to the house, overwhelming Eglantine with congratulations upon her escape.

The evening was a splendid one, somewhat salubrious but with a glorious sunset; and when Eglantine proposed to walk home every one hailed the proposal with acclamation, especially Everard Bourne, who longed for the opportunity of walking by her side. Nor was Leon averse to having Lily for a companion. He had a shrewd suspicion that she did not care about him, though he fancied he might win her if he would. It was convenient to have two strings to his bow. If Eglantine would not marry him, he could fall back upon Lily, who was well endowed. He did not care so much for affection as for money, and regarded a provision for life as the first thing to be looked for in marriage.

Still he loved Eglantine after his fashion, and it caused a pang to shoot through his jealous heart when he saw her leaning on Everard's arm, and looking up into his face, as he employed some trifling phrase which pleased her.

The walk through the fields to Stanstead was very pleasant. It lay through fields waving with the golden corn, and was here and there shaded with umbrageous trees, while the cattle lowed in the meadows, and the lazy sheep cropped the green grass.

"You are a passionate admirer of the country, Miss Passingham," said Everard Bourne, who would have given the world for the privilege of calling her Eglantine. "But do you not sometimes wish for a season in town?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I am very happy and contented with my father. Occasionally I feel a desire to visit the Continent, though I should find more pleasure in the wilds of Switzerland or the Tyrol than I should in the drawing-rooms of Paris or Vienna. A pastoral life for me."

"I do not know that you are not right," he said, thoughtfully. "I have seen a good deal of life for my age, though you may not think so. I have been nearly all over Europe, and the dash and noise of society have a very hollow ring in it. Its glitter is too often all tinsel, yet there are few young ladies who think as you do. Most of the girls whom I have met have but one idea, and that is gaiety."

"I am glad you agree with me so far. It is so nice to meet with a congenial spirit," replied Eglantine, casting down her eyes.

"Our minds are congenial, I think," he continued. "Shall I tell you what I have been thinking of? You will never guess, and, though it is my secret at present, there is no reason why you should not know it."

"What is it?" she asked, tremulously.

"I have an idea of settling down. At my age a man thinks of marrying and does it or not at all. If I do not make up my mind at once the odds are I shall live and die a bachelor."

"With your position and—and advantages," Eglantine observed, "there can be little difficulty in what you propose."

"I don't know that exactly. There are two sides to every question, and in a marriage contract there are two people to be consulted. What shall I do if the lady upon whom I have fixed will not have me? That would be very pleasant, would it not?"

"Then you have fixed upon some one!" Eglantine exclaimed, with a tinge of surprise if not disappointment in her tone.

"I have," he rejoined, firmly, "and I am a very curious fellow in many things. My pride has always been a great stumbling-block in my way. Granting that I am in love with a sweet and lovely girl, I am not ashamed of the bondage in which she holds me, but my pride would receive a shock from which it would never recover if she refused me. It would give me such a horror of proposing that I am sure I should never have the courage to do such a thing again."

"Never?"

"No. I say that emphatically."

"You should make tolerably sure before you do propose," suggested Eglantine, whose eyes were moist with tears of vexation as she added to herself, "I do hope she won't have him. I am certain she is not worthy of him. He is so good, so noble, so handsome. Who can it be?"

"That is precisely what I want to do. Now, tell me, Miss Passingham, do you think I have any chance?"

He stopped and looked her full in the face.

Leon Dansert and Lily were some distance ahead, the others having lagged behind.

"Give me your candid opinion. You will be doing me a kindness," he went on.

"I think you have every prospect of success," said Eglantine, ready to cry with vexation. "If she refuse you, she must be a stupid, silly thing who never deserves to have another offer, and who is, in every way, blind to her own interests."

"You think so? Then, if I were to offer you my hand?"

"Oh! Mr. Bourne, you ought not to joke with me in this manner. It is not kind or generous," cried Eglantine, covering her face with her hands, and weeping bitterly.

"My dear Miss Passingham, don't—pray don't. Eglantine, be calm, dearest," exclaimed Everard. "I am not joking. It is you I have been talking about all the time, only I wanted to see how my addresses were likely to be received. I have been waiting, longing for an opportunity like this, and did not think it would come so soon. Pardon me for my stupid, blundering way of doing things. I have made you cry when I would not have done such a thing for worlds. Do, do leave off, there's a dear, sweet child."

But Eglantine sobbed on for a few minutes as if her heart would break, and he could not calm her. At last the little hands, through which the salt tears trickled, were removed from the stained face, and a little lace-edged handkerchief drawn from a pocket to wipe the tears away, for all was to be sunshine again soon after this April shower, and after Everard had looked round carefully to see that Leon and Lily were too far off to see anything, and that there was no one near, he bent down with his arm round her neck and kissed her with all the tenderness imaginable.

"Did he frighten her, the poor little pet," he murmured.

Little sobs occasionally broke from her. She had not quite recovered from the shock which he had given her—one, she confessed to herself, much worse than that occasioned by the buffalo a short time before in the park belonging to the Wilds. He drew her along gently, and continued talking.

"Now you know my secret, birdie," he said.

"Ever since I have been down here I have loved you, but had not the courage to tell you, nor do I think I should have done so to-day had I not grown desperate and hit upon a roundabout way of doing it. Tell me if you will have me. You know pretty well what I am—a rough, blundering sort of a fellow, but of a good family. The Bourne can go back a long way and not find a blot on their escutcheon. The men have been brave and the women good and virtuous. That has been our boast for centuries. I have a little money, which we shall be able to get along comfortably upon, and I need not tell you that I adore you."

"You have my love, Everard," she replied, "and it made me so miserable to think that you were fond of some one else. That is what made me cry. But I must tell you one thing. Papa has always said that he would not allow me to marry hastily; he should insist upon an engagement to last twelve months. If at the end of that time we were mutually satisfied with each other he would give his consent. It would be permissible for either of us to break off the match at the end of the twelve months without specifying any reason."

"An odd arrangement. Twelve months are a long time to wait," said Everard, moodily.

"I could not think of doing anything of which papa did not approve," continued Eglantine. "That would be subversive of all my preconceived ideas of duty and filial affection, nor would you ask me."

"Certainly not."

"I agree to be your wife, Everard," she continued, "and, and—do not laugh at me—feel so grateful to you for selecting me when there are so many other girls who I am sure are far handsomer, cleverer, better, and—"

"You shall not run yourself down like that, darling," he interrupted, "when every one admits you to be a paragon. Your modesty adds an additional charm to your character. I am not worthy of you. I can only think of my good fortune in securing your love. It is much more than I deserve."

"Praising one another like this," said Eglantine, laughing, "is like belonging to a mutual admiration society. The fact is, dear, we both have our faults. I know some of mine—not all. I sometimes make a little list of them, that is, of what I have done wrong during the day, so that I may think over all when I go to bed, and try and guard against the self-same errors on the morrow. Love is blind, and we each think the other perfect."

"How simple and childlike you are, darling," he exclaimed, gazing at her with undisguised admiration. "If girls who try to be forward and fast only knew how much men like simplicity! But have you any objection to my asking your father to alter

his determination about the provisional engagement?"

"None whatever, though I do not think you will succeed."

"Whoever way it may be decided I will talk to him, and if he be obdurate I will seek you and solemnly plight my troth for twelve months."

"Hullo!" cried a voice quite close to them. "Are you people not coming on? What has happened? Lily sent me back to see after you."

It was Leon Dansert.

The blood mounted to Eglantine's temples and made her face burn, telling a tale to Leon which caused his brow to lower and evil thoughts to rise within him.

Everard rushed to the rescue with an excuse.

"It is a pity we did not drive to Stanstead," he said. "Miss Farningham is more upset by her adventure at the Wilds than any of us suspected. Her heart began to palpitate, and we were obliged to stop while she recovered herself. Do you think my sister has any salts or eau-de-cologne with her?"

"I will go and see," rejoined Leon, glad of an opportunity to turn round to hide his passion. "I would not mind betting a hundred to one that he has proposed to her. Something must be done to put a stop to this," he muttered as he strode along.

Eglantine looked gratefully into Everard's face and they went on side by side, soon coming up with the others, who had turned back again to meet them. Lily had a bottle of smelling-salts in her pocket which she lent to Eglantine, who felt revived by their aid, though she did not talk much, in spite of Lily's efforts to engage her in conversation.

"Take my arm, dear. Lean on me; I see you are not strong," exclaimed Lily, who with a woman's shrewdness saw that something had taken place.

Eglantine did so, and the two men fell back while they lighted some cigars.

"Now then, dear," Lily went on, when she could speak without danger of being overheard, "what has my brother been saying to you?"

"It—it was the heat, dear, and the buff—buffalo," stammered Eglantine.

"Don't tell fibs," continued Lily. "I won't be trifled with, miss. How dare you prostrate with your best friend? Let me know everything at once. Has Everard proposed to you?"

"Yes," ejaculated Eglantine.

"And you have accepted him?"

"Provisionally. It rests with papa."

"That means nothing. If you throw no obstacles in the way the thing is settled. I am delighted, darling Eglantine, to think that you are going to be my sister-in-law. Everard is such a dear, good fellow. You ought really to be proud of him, as I am. He has asked me very often lately what I thought of you, and if you would make a good wife, which showed me what was in his mind, and I gave you the highest possible character. Bless you, you dear, dear pet! I feel that I should like to hug you, if that odious Leon was not here to prevent the exuberance of my sisterly affection."

Eglantine smiled, and squeezed Lily's hand. Her little heart was too full for words.

A short walk now brought them to the confines of the village. Everard and Lily took their leave. They would not come in, they said, as they wished to get home to write some letters, and Leon walked down the high street with Eglantine.

They were surprised to see a crowd collected round the house in which they lived. Ede Block stood at the garden gate to keep out intruders, and as they came up they noticed Doctor Martin very fustily pushing his way through the crowd.

"Good gracious! what has happened? Poor papa! I hope nothing—" began Eglantine.

Her agitation impeded her utterance. She could say no more.

Leon, equally perturbed, hurried on, almost dragging her after him, for she had placed her arm within his for support.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANISH FANDANGO.—A picture in the Royal Academy fairly illustrates the following statement:—"Nothing," (says Burgoyne) "contrasts more with the gravity of the Spanish nation than the dance of the fandango. It is related that the Court of Rome, alarmed at the extreme wantonness with which the fandango was performed by all classes, appointed a Consistory in Spain to judge it and condemn. At the trial, however, it was suggested that in common fairness the dance should be seen before condemned. Two Spanish professionals, a man and a girl, were introduced. At first the judges looked on with due gravity and severity of demeanour; gradually, however, they began to applaud. At length the temptation was too strong for even judicial eyes, and one by one the judges joined the revel, till at length the whole Consistory—learned judges, reverend priests, staid lawyers, various spectators, and even the very doorkeepers

and attendants—were dancing the fandango madly and furiously. Of course the fandango was triumphantly acquitted."

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE moment was one of supreme and awful peril for Ignatia. As invisible hands seemed drawing her down beneath the cruel waters of the sea her boatman shut his eyes and shrieked aloud in his agony and horror. When he opened them again her upturned face lay in full sight on the waters, her ebony hair trailed over the white-crested waves, and her helpless form was tossed and heaved mercilessly at the sport of the elements.

The capsize boat was between her and him. He was benumbed, chilled, exhausted. He realized that he was utterly powerless to rescue her from her impending doom.

But that Providence that guards the innocent and the helpless had not forsaken her.

Unseen by Jallop or Ignatia, in their perturbation and distress, a graceful yacht was bearing down upon them, borne on by the gale, her sails furled tightly to her masts, a dozen men gathered on her deck, speaking to each other in shrill, excited voices, and peering with straining eyes through the yellow gloom towards the scene of the disaster.

As the yacht swept near the capsize boat a man with a rope attached to his waist leaped overboard, and swam towards the drowning woman, reaching and clasping her in his arms just as the pale and lovely face, in its dead pallor and with its shut eyes, was again disappearing beneath the waters.

In the same instant a rope was tossed from the yacht to Jallop. It had been well thrown, and fell upon the keel of the boat. Jallop seized it as it floated from him, and with benumbed fingers secured it to his person.

Before he had quite accomplished the manoeuvre Ignatia and her rescuer had been drawn in safety to the deck of the yacht.

They were sorely taken in hand by those upon the yacht, who had witnessed the rescue with anxious excitement, when Jallop was drawn aboard.

The rescuer had occupied a space of time nearly as short as it has required to narrate it. The yacht went bounding before the wind to the southward, and the capsize boat was soon left far behind.

When Ignatia came to herself she was lying upon a luxurious velvet-covered divan in the cabin of the yacht. She opened her eyes languidly upon a frescoed ceiling, from which was suspended by gilded chains a bronze lamp. Starting up, she looked around her in amazement. She was alone, but the half-open door and the sound of voices without assured her that she had been left to herself only at that instant.

For a brief space she was too weak and too confused to comprehend where she was. She looked from the thick velvet carpet which covered the floor to the Turkish divans, and thence to the panelled mirrors on the walls, the book-case well filled with books in a distant corner, and the various other items of comfort which abounded in the cabin. She saw that state-rooms opened from the cabin on either side, and that every appointment of the vessel, as far as she could see, was as faultless in taste as it was perfect in luxury.

"Where am I?" she murmured, under her breath. "Some one must have rescued us. And I had thought all hope of succour was gone for ever!"

Her bewilderment was at its height when the door leading to the deck was opened still wider, and a young man came in, bearing a glass filled with a steaming liquid which gave forth a spirituous odour.

He was the man who had rescued Ignatia from a certain death. He had changed his wet garments, and now approached her, starting as he met her earnest gaze.

"You have recovered, madam?" he said, with a quiet respect and an air of gentle chivalry that well became him. "I began to be alarmed about you, and have prepared a warming and strengthening drink which cannot fail to benefit you. You will feel better when you have taken it."

There was an air of quiet, unconscious authority about this man, as if he were accustomed to be obeyed. Ignatia did not dream of refusing the proffered draught. She reached out her hand for it, and drank half the contents of the tumbler.

"Is Jallop safe?" she asked, sitting up, yet half reclining against the cushions at her elbow.

"Your boatman? He is safe, and is just now taking something warm to ward off the effects of his bath," answered Ignatia's rescuer, with a smile.

"What vessel is this?" inquired Ignatia.

"The yacht 'Rover,' out on a pleasure cruise of a few hours' duration, with her owner, the Marquis of Thornhurst, and a party of friends," was the reply.

"I thought I was drowning," said Ignatia, wearily,

after a brief silence. "It seemed to me that I sank once. Oh! that horrible sensation of being dragged downward—downward!" and she shuddered. "Then I seemed to float upwards again, with a terrible sound in my ears, a fearful pressure on my brain, and a frightful sensation of numbness throughout my body. Then I seemed to feel myself in the grasp of strong arms, and a deeper blank succeeded. Who was it rescued me?"

The gentleman's face flushed a little as he answered:

"It was the Marquis of Thornhurst. Permit me to introduce myself, madam. The service I had the happiness to render you was but trifling in point of danger to me, and I beg you not to exaggerate its peril. I have little fancy for the rôle of hero, and no one can deserve that lofty title less than myself."

"It was you who saved me!" cried Ignatia, her face suddenly aglow with a radiance like that of the stars. "How can I thank you? Do not underestimate your bravery, Lord Thornhurst, nor the peril you ran in saving me. My life is scarcely worth the risk you ran; yet," she added, softly, "it is everything to one person—my dear, dear father!"

She looked at Lord Thornhurst through a mist of grateful tears. And as she continued to regard him, and the mist presently cleared, she thought that in all her life she had never seen a handsomer man.

He was about seven-and-twenty years of age, tall and commanding in figure, with an elastic, well-knit frame. He had a grandly shaped head and a noble face. His hair and beard were of the tawny colour so common among Englishmen, and his eyes were steel blue in colour, keen, penetrating, earnest. He looked the model of a young Saxon king, but he had a refinement and chivalry that the blue-eyed, golden-haired Saxons of the ancient days lacked. He reminded Ignatia of her dreams of knights and paladins. She felt her heart stir strangely under his gaze.

"The squall has already spent its force," said Lord Thornhurst, marvelling within himself at the glorious beauty of the woman he had saved. "We shall soon be able to spread our sails, and to make for any point along the coast. We can put you ashore almost before your father can have taken the alarm."

"Do you know Redruth Wold?" asked Ignatia.

"Almost as well as I know my own home of Thornhurst on the Yorkshire coast, in the East Riding," replied Lord Thornhurst. "My father was an intimate friend of the late Mr. Redruth, and I have visited at the Wold times without number. Are you a guest at Redruth Wold?"

"I am Ignatia Redruth, daughter of Colonel Redruth," said Ignatia.

Lord Thornhurst's face beamed.

"You and I should be friends, Miss Redruth," he said, with an earnestness that strangely thrilled his hearer. "I have been intending to pay Colonel Redruth a visit, and am ashamed of my own remissness. If you will permit me, I will improve the opportunity my good fortune has thrown in my path, and call upon your father when I escort you home."

"My father would be grieved if you did not remain to see him. You have a strong claim upon his gratitude and affection, Lord Thornhurst, having saved his daughter's life. But I am not Miss Redruth."

"I beg your pardon—I understood—"

"I should have spoken more plainly. I am called Mrs. Redruth. I am a widow, and for family reasons have resumed my father's name," said Ignatia, with a sweet and gentle dignity.

"A widow! And so young!" exclaimed Lord Thornhurst, unable to conceal his surprise. "Your father resembles his late brother in his family pride, perhaps. The late Mr. Redruth believed that there was no name in England to compare with his. And indeed he was very nearly right," added the marquis, gallantly. "Now, if you will kindly excuse me for a moment, I will give the order to turn back and make for a landing-place."

He withdrew, and Ignatia arose and staggered rather than walked to a mirror. Her hat was gone, and her hair was streaming about her waist in dusky lengths like an enveloping cloud. She wrung the water from it and from her dripping garments. Then she folded about her a man's plaid that lay carelessly on a divan near at hand, and returned to her cushions.

Lord Thornhurst presently returned to her. He announced that the squall was over, and that the yacht was on her way to Redruth Bay. He exerted himself to entertain his fair guest, and was so far successful that Ignatia was conscious of a pang of regret when, an hour or more later, the yacht ran into Redruth Bay and came to anchor.

The marquis offered the young lady his arm and conducted her to the deck. The gentlemen of Lord Thornhurst's party had retired to a respectful distance. Ignatia entered the boat, Lord Thornhurst

followed her, and lastly Jallop and the rowers took their seats. The boat was pushed off, and the oarsmen pulled stoutly for the shore.

The squall had indeed passed. The sun was shining, the sky was clear, and the waters were scarcely more restless than before the short-lived storm.

The first object that arrested Ignatia's gaze was the little sloop that had capsized. It was moored in the bay right side up, and showed but few signs of its recent disaster.

Looking towards the shore, Ignatia beheld a group of men, prominent among whom were her father and Mr. Oaks. She half arose and waved her hand-kerchief to them. A cheer in response came from the shore.

It seemed an age to Ignatia before the boat grated on the sands, and she sprang out and was clasped in her father's arms. For a moment, in the rapture of that meeting, both forgot that they were not alone.

Ignatia was the first to recover herself. She gently withdrew from her father's embrace, and blushing introduced Lord Thornhurst as the preserver of her life.

"I knew your father, Lord Thornhurst, in my youth," said Colonel Redruth, warmly clasping the hand of his daughter's rescuer. "His son would have had a passport to my regard in any case; now he has a claim upon my grateful affection."

The young marquess modestly disclaimed any extraordinary bravery in the act of timely service he had rendered to Ignatia, but the colonel paid no heed to his self-deprecation.

"When the squall came up," said the Indian officer, "I feared that my daughter might still be out upon the water, and accordingly ordered the carriage, with a supply of shawls and blankets. I hastened with them to the bluff—they are waiting above us—and found, as I half expected, that the sloop was out in the midst of the squall. A terrible apprehension took possession of me, and I sent out the other boat in charge of two men, with orders to look for the little sloop. They found her bottom up, righted her with difficulty, and towed her into the bay. They had just arrived, and were expressing their belief that my daughter was drowned, when your yacht came round the coast and entered the bay. I waited, half in hope, half in horrible despair, until I saw you, Lord Thornhurst, come upon the deck, with my daughter clinging to your arm. Oh, the joy of that moment!" and the eyes of the stately colonel filled with tears. "My lord, but for you I should have been a childless man to-day. I offer you anew my undying gratitude!"

The young marquess, with his eyes fixed in earnest admiration upon the lovely face of Ignatia, made some graceful response to the colonel's grateful assurances.

"Will you not accompany us home?" inquired Colonel Redruth. "My house, as well as my heart, is open to one who has preserved to me all that rendered my life dear to me. I should like to offer to you and to your friends," and he glanced at the yacht, "the hospitalities of Redruth Wold."

"I will do myself the honour of calling at Redruth this afternoon to inquire after Mrs. Redruth's health," said the young marquess, bowing. "Our acquaintance, colonel, has begun not quite in the regular way, but I trust you will find me worthy of the friendship you so cordially offer me."

The interview in the open air upon the beach was cut short by an involuntary shiver of Ignatia. Full of fears for the health of her darling, Colonel Redruth bade Lord Thornhurst adieu, and hurried Ignatia up the steep, sidelong path in the face of the bluff to the level above.

The carriage was found waiting here in charge of the coachman. Ignatia entered the vehicle, was closely wrapped in shawls and blankets, her father took his place beside her, and they set out swiftly toward home.

On arriving at Redruth Ignatia retired to her own rooms, and to her bed. She found herself weaker than she had thought, after her terrible exposure and excitement, and did not arise until the next day.

In the evening her father came up to her with the announcement that Lord Thornhurst had called; and had betrayed a serious anxiety on learning of her indisposition, and had declared his intention of calling again the next day, spending the interval in cruising about the coast.

Accordingly the next day the young marquess repeated his visit to Redruth. He was ushered into the drawing-room, and into the presence of the colonel, who, after greeting him warmly, went for his daughter. He returned with her presently. She looked pale still, after her dangerous bath in the sea, but her cheeks flushed under the gaze of her preserver, a rare light glowed in her dusky eyes, and her radiant beauty shone with a splendour that was dazzling.

Lord Thornhurst remained several hours, being induced to stay to dinner. It was late in the even-

ing when he took his leave and set out at a brisk walk for Redruth Bay, where his yacht was lying.

"Lord Thornhurst is a nobleman worthy of the name," said Colonel Redruth, when the guest had departed, and the father and daughter were left to themselves. "He is rich, the representative of an honoured name, and, better than all, honourable, upright, generous, and brave. I know him well by reputation."

Ignatia blushed, but did not reply.

"By the way, dear," said the colonel, after a brief pause, "you were to give me an answer to young Callender's suit to-day. What have you decided? Will you marry him?"

"No, father," was the low reply. "Tell him that I appreciate the honour he does me, but that I cannot give him the love he has a right to demand from his wife!"

"You are not going to let your early love for Captain Holm blight your life, I hope, Ignatia?" said the colonel, anxiously.

"That was not love, father, that brief, childish infatuation," returned Ignatia, averting her face.

"I am ashamed that I could have believed myself in love with a man with so perverted a moral nature as Captain Holm. He is dead, and I would not speak of his faults, except to convince you how little influence the past in which he shared can influence my future."

"You will marry again some day, will you not, Ignatia?" asked the colonel.

"Perhaps," replied Ignatia, a rosy flood bathing her cheeks. "Perhaps, father. We cannot tell the future."

The colonel smiled. He believed at that moment that he was quite capable of uttering a truthful prophecy in regard to his daughter's future, and his delight was so great as to be scarcely concealed. He did not urge the subject, however. He was wise enough to allow matters to take their course. But when, an hour later, Ignatia had retired to her own room, and he was sitting by his library table, with a letter to young Callender duly completed before him, something of his hopes and longings found expression in the low murmur:

"Lord Thornhurst comes of one of the first families in England. He is eminently fitted to make a loving wife happy. I can see that he loves Ignatia, and I could die content could I first see her his wife and embrace their children. I have but one fear. Is her heart so chilled by her bitter experiences that she cannot return his love? When he offers himself to her what will she say to him?"

CHAPTER X.

THE hopes of Colonel Redruth in regard to his daughter's future soon seemed in a fair way to be realized.

The party of friends who had accompanied the young Marquess of Thornhurst upon his yachting cruise along the east coast dispersed within a week after the rescue of Ignatia by his lordship. Lord Thornhurst then settled himself at an hotel at Great Grimsby, anchored his yacht in the Hummer, caused his favourite thoroughbred horse to be sent to him from Thornhurst, and rode daily to Redruth Wold to visit its beautiful young heiress.

Within a month of his first meeting with Ignatia the young marquess was her declared lover.

Ignatia received his attentions with a happiness she had not dreamed she was capable of experiencing. Her girlish fancy for Captain Holm had been a poor and meagre sentiment indeed to the warm and generous love she was beginning to feel for her new suitor. This was the golden period of her life. Her father's warm approval of her lover gave him an added value in her eyes. She could not think of her early, stolen marriage without self-impatience and self-upbraiding, but she began to hope that the shadows it had cast upon her life had passed away from it for ever before the sun of this new happiness.

Early in October the young pair became formally betrothed, but their engagement was not made public beyond the circle of family friends. Lord Thornhurst, with a lover's eagerness and impatience, urged a speedy marriage, but Ignatia, willing to prolong the happy days of their courtship, could not be prevailed upon to be married earlier than during April of the following year.

The winter passed swiftly to the lovers. The young marquess was almost daily at Redruth. He was one of the most ardent of lovers, and found happiness and content only in the sunshine of Ignatia's presence.

April came at last. The twentieth had been appointed for the marriage. Lord Thornhurst's friends—an uncle, aunt, and sister—arrived at Redruth on the eighteenth. Upon the morning of the nineteenth a letter was received from Miss Jacob Redruth, declining to be present at the wedding, on the ground that she did not care for such festivities. She sent, however, her best wishes to both bride and groom, and a liberal cheque upon her London banker as a gift to the bride.

The marriage settlements had been drawn up, conferring upon Ignatia a respectable annuity. Lord Thornhurst supplementing his bride's dowry with a generous additional sum. He had bestowed upon her the Thornhurst jewels, newly reset, and a magnificent toilet casket, the fittings of which were mounted in gold. Colonel Redruth had given his daughter the Redruth diamonds, famed for their size and brilliancy, and other gifts choice and costly. Lord Thornhurst's friends had contributed silver services and other articles in the same metal with a liberality as great as their good taste. Nothing was lacking to give to the quiet wedding in Lincolnshire the fairest auspices, and to render it in many respects the most brilliant marriage of the season.

Upon the evening of the nineteenth the guests at Redruth Wold—Lord and Lady Arrie, the uncle and aunt of the young marquess, who had come down from their Scottish estate, and Lady Armitage and her husband, the sister and brother in law of Lord Thornhurst, who had come up from Devonshire—were seated in the great triple-arched drawing-room, which was glowing with the light from a score or more of tall wax candles set in silver sconces and tall silver candlesticks. The two ladies had retired to the depths of one of the bay-windows for a friendly gossip. The two gentlemen, who were politicians, were deep in the discussion of some party measure, and predicting, as politicians are wont to do, the speedy ruin of their country unless their views as to the management of affairs should be immediately adopted.

Colonel Redruth entered the room after a private conference with Mr. Oaks in his study, or business office, and, finding that his presence was not noticed by the guests, in the heat of the discussion, went out again, proceeding to the library.

This was a long and handsome room, with several windows facing the west. It was dimly lighted with wax candles, and with the warm, red glow of a peat fire, the April evening being chilly. Upon a sofa, near the fire, and very close to each other, were the happy lovers. The arm of the young marquess was about the waist of his betrothed and her head lay on his shoulder. The red firelight played upon their happy faces, and showed tears sparkling in Ignatia's eyes.

"Come in, father," said Ignatia, blushing, and trying vainly to withdraw from the arms that would not let her go. "Is everything going on well?"

"Very well, dear," returned the colonel, wheeling an arm-chair near to the grate and sitting down. "Are you very much occupied?" he asked, smiling.

"We were discussing ourselves, sir," said the young marquess, frankly. "I was telling my darling here that I should not allow her to enter marriage blindfold—that is, ignorant of my faults. She will not believe that I am one of the most jealous men alive, because she has never seen my jealousy aroused. We Thornhursts are a passionate, jealous race, true to our loves as the needle to the pole, and equally exacting of fidelity. It is a flaw in our armour, so to speak, but Ignatia would never have known of the existence in me of the family failing. I never loved before, and I never knew a lover's jealousy. It is not probable that I ever shall—but the capacity for it is in me."

He smiled gravely into the lovely face on his shoulder, and the face smiled sunnily back at him.

"I shall never make you jealous, my Othello," said Ignatia, gaily. "You cannot be jealous of my dear father, and I care for no one else but—"

"But me?" exclaimed Lord Thornhurst, looking upon her tenderly. "I used to say that I would never marry a widow. The idea was abhorrent to me. Sometimes, you know, a dead rival is the most formidable of all rivals. The thought that when I should caress her she might 'long for the touch of a vanished hand,' and that when I should breathe words of tenderness in her ears she might yearn to hear again 'the sound of a voice that is still'—that, in short, I would continually suggest to her the loved and the lost—was once enough to make the very idea of marrying a widow repulsive to me. How strangely we change!"

"You need fear no rival in my heart, Antony," said his betrothed, in a low voice—"no rival, whether living or dead. I was but little more than a child when I was first married, and my husband is but a memory to me, and a memory I do not love to dwell on," she added, with a shiver.

Lord Thornhurst clasped her closer, with a thrill of tenderness. Ignatia had been very reticent of her past in her confidences with him. She had only told him that she was the widow of a Captain Holm, of good family, who had died in Canada. He had taken it for granted—having heard frequent allusions to the residence of the father and daughter in Italy—that Captain Holm had been dead for some years. Having a chivalrous trust in his betrothed, loving her with all his soul, and having a jealous

anxiety in the depths of his heart that she might love him less than she had loved Holm, he had not liked to speak of her first husband. He had indeed tried hard to forget that she had once belonged to another, and his avoidance of the subject of her early marriage had checked the confidences Ignatia had more than once been upon the point of making to him.

"You shall never think of him again, darling," said the young marquis, half in jest, half in earnest. "I will not share your heart even with a memory."

"You need not fear that Ignatia will give you a divided heart, marquis," said Colonel Redruth. "She is as free in heart as if she never had been married—far more free than most girls when they marry, for few persons, men or women, marry a first love. But to come to the errand that brought me here. It appears that I have been guilty of an inadvertence or omission, for which I ask your pardon. Lady Armitage tells me I should have invited your distant cousin, Mrs. Falconer, to be present at the marriage. I was not aware of the lady's existence, and am hurt that you did not send her cards in my name, Lord Thornhurst. Surely you knew that I should be glad to receive all of your relatives? Lady Armitage seemed hurt at the omission."

The fair face of the young marquis darkened. His blue eyes grew stern in their expression.

"My sister is attached to Mrs. Falconer," he said, with an effort, his voice sounding stern, "and that attachment renders her blind to my prejudices. I do not like Mrs. Falconer, who is but a very distant relative. I do not desire my pure young wife to know her. She is no fit associate for Ignatia. She is—a divorced wife!"

Ignatia started, and her face whitened suddenly. Colonel Redruth looked surprised and anxious.

"I do not mean to imply that she has misbehaved herself," said Lord Thornhurst, hastily. "It was she who procured a divorce from her husband. He was a scoundrel, no doubt, but he was a scoundrel when she married him. She was informed of his character, and married him in defiance of the wishes of her friends. She took him 'for better for worse,' but cast him off when she found that her marriage was indeed a change for the 'worse.' The idea may not commend itself to your sense—but I have a horror of divorce and divorce courts, and of a declaration to the world of matrimonial infelicities."

Ignatia drew away a little from the protection of her lover's arm, and shaded her eyes with her hand.

The colonel looked pained and troubled.

"But, marquis," he said, with an uneasy glance at his daughter, "you must acknowledge that there are cases when a divorce is desirable. Imagine a girl innocent and unsuspecting, married at an early age to a man as beautiful as an angel, with the heart of a demon. She believes him faultless, and slowly realizes the fact that his love for her was but a fleeting fancy; that he is unfaithful to her; that he is unscrupulous, wicked, a gambler, and a cheat. He abandons her, let us suppose, and the years pass. Should she be tied for her life to a man who, has crowned her insults and cruelty to her by deserting her? Would you not justify divorce in the case I have supposed?"

Ignatia waited breathlessly for Lord Thornhurst's answer.

"I see that my sister has been talking to you, colonel," said the young marquis, shrugging his shoulders. "I recognize her favourite arguments. I do not doubt that thousands of women are justified in seeking divorce, but I think many of them would do better to conceal their wrongs from the world, and prefer a quiet separation to the scandal of a divorce court. I own frankly that I have a horror of divorced wives. I would rather die, to put the case as strongly as I feel, than to marry a woman who has a husband living!"

Colonel Redruth looked relieved.

"I see," he said. "You object to the scandal of the courts. A quietly obtained decree of divorce is another thing. As to the idea of marrying a woman who has a husband living, what can it matter if that husband has been divorced from her by laws both human and divine?"

"As a matter of simple right or wrong, the woman in such a case has an unquestionable right to marry a second time," replied Lord Thornhurst. "But I should not want to marry her. To know that a man lived on this earth who had been to her all that I could be—who could say to me that she had smiled on him as she had smiled on me—that she had caressed him as she had caressed me—to know all this would poison the very air for me. I should hate her—I should—"

The marquis checked his vehement speech abruptly, and added, quietly, "You see, colonel, how my jealous spirit shows itself! My sister did not do wisely in getting you to take up her favourite cause, unless she desired me to exhibit my weaknesses. I admit that I am prejudiced, but then we all are governed by prejudices of one sort or another."

"True," said Colonel Redruth, soberly. "We have been led into quite an exciting discussion, but as you own yourself so prejudiced it is well that I did not extend an invitation to Mrs. Falconer through Lady Armitage, who desired that I should send one still, although Mrs. Falconer could not possibly arrive in time. Your wishes are, of course, law in the matter. Now," he added, rising, "I will return to her ladyship and report my failure."

He arose and went out slowly, as if his heart were heavy.

Lord Thornhurst resumed the conversation at the point at which it had been interrupted. But Ignatia bestowed no more shy caresses upon him, nor did she nestle again against his breast. A great struggle was going on within her. She was tempted again and again to tell the marquis the story of her divorce from Captain Holm, but she could not. She was very silent during the remainder of the evening, but Lord Thornhurst was happy and unsuspecting, and scarcely marked her silence in his own exuberant joy.

At a late hour he took his leave, going to an inn at the village some three miles distant. His luggage was at this inn, and his valet awaited him there.

Ignatia made her appearance in the drawing-room for a few moments, and the guests then dispersed, going to their rooms.

About half an hour later Ignatia, in her dressing-gown of white, knocked at the door of the library and softly entered. As she expected, her father was there alone, seated by the dying fire. She went up to him, and sat down on a hassock at his feet, and laid her head wearily upon his knee.

"For the last time!" said the colonel, sighing softly.

"No, father, no," answered Ignatia. "I shall not give up my father, even though I take a husband."

"You love him, do you not?" asked the officer, with a tender anxiety that would have befitted a mother.

"Love him?"

The glorious face grew radiant within an instant. The starry eyes glowed with soul-lit fires. An emotion which she could not repress transfigured every feature.

"Love him?" she repeated. "Father, he is all the world to me."

The words were grand in their simplicity. The colonel was satisfied.

"Did you tell him about your divorce?" he asked.

"Oh, father, I could not! I never thought it necessary till to-night. I tried to tell him after you went out, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. What if he had accused me of deceiving him? What if he had broken our engagement on the eve of our wedding-day? Why did I not tell him at the outset, months ago? I suppose I must tell him before our marriage, but I think I could write it better. I will write to him to-night, and send him the letter at daybreak. And then—and then—he can do as he pleases about fulfilling our engagement," added Ignatia, with an intonation of despair.

"Any revelation you might make to him now would not prevent the marriage," said Colonel Redruth, stroking his daughter's hair fondly. "Lord Thornhurst would not put upon you a public slight by refusing to carry out his engagement. But he would marry you with repugnance, possibly, and his love for you might be destroyed. You cannot make this revelation to him now. You had better keep your secret yet a while longer."

"But I kept it innocently, father. I did not like to talk of the divorce, or of Captain Holm. If I had dreamed of Antony's prejudices I would have told him the whole story. But now it is too late."

"Yes, it is too late," said the colonel. "Yet some day you might tell him the story, and he would acquit you of blame. Wait in patience, my child."

"But if he should hear it from any one other than you or me?" said Ignatia, with a sudden terror.

"He confessed that he was jealous and exacting. He might accuse me of deceiving him."

"If Holm lived I should advise you to brave the anger and the reproaches of the marquis, and tell him all. His chief horror was of marrying a woman whose divorced husband lived. Your husband is dead. You need have no fears, my darling. I advise you to keep your own counsel in this matter. If harm come through following my advice, I will bear the blame."

Ignatia yielded to her father's guidance. A little later she went up to her own rooms, but her slumbers were brief and fitful, and she was glad when at last the bright April morning dawned.

It was a fine day—that of Ignatia's second bridal. The sun shone, the sky was clear, the air balmy. The girl accepted the weather as an omen of her future life.

At eleven o'clock the carriages containing the

bride, leaning upon her father's arm, swept up the aisle of the dim, picturesque church, crowded with curious villagers. Lord Thornhurst, attended by a friend, passed up the opposite aisle. Bride and bridegroom met before the altar, and took their places before the surpliced clergyman. Their friends grouped around.

Few handsomer couples had ever stood at a marriage altar. The young marquis, stately as a northern pine, and looking in his blonde and manly beauty like some noble Saxon king, presented a fine contrast to the sumptuous beauty at his side, with her slender, graceful figure and the loveliness so like a starry tropical night.

Having been married, custom did not allow Ignatia to wear the bridal white or orange blossoms, but she looked none the less a bride in her pearl-coloured moiré, with a veil of priceless point lace shrouding her figure. She wore diamonds instead of flowers, and her veil was secured with a tiara composed of a row of glittering stars. She looked pale for a bride, it was remarked, but her pallor did not detract from the splendour of her appearance.

Colonel Redruth gave his daughter away. The impressive service of the Church of England was fully recited, and the words were spoken that made Lord Thornhurst and Ignatia Redruth man and wife. For weal or for woe, their lots were henceforth one.

After the ceremony they retired to the vestry, and signed their names to the registry of their marriage. The bridal party then entered their carriages, and were driven back to Redruth Wold.

A large party of neighbours and friends had been invited to the wedding breakfast, and the bridal feast was soon inaugurated. A scene of gaiety attended the feast, and happy hearts and faces surrounded the newly married pair.

They were still at the breakfast, the bride in her chair of state and closely attended by her groom on the one hand and her father on the other, when Mr. Oaks approached Ignatia with a smile, bearing a letter in his hand.

"A letter for Mrs. Redruth," he said. "It has arrived too late. There is now no Mrs. Redruth. I suppose, Lady Thornhurst, that you are Mrs. Redruth's heiress, and are empowered to open her letters?"

The young marchioness took the letter and glanced at the postmark.

"It is from Aunt Jacob," she said. "I will read it when I get time."

She placed it in her pocket as Lord Thornhurst arose to reply to a toast offered to himself and his bride. When the breakfast was over she slipped away to her own room to put on her travelling attire. Her bridal tour was to be made to Thornhurst, in Yorkshire, and they were to set out upon their journey in an hour.

Her travelling toilet made, she left her maid to attend to the final packing of the luggage, and glided down to the library. Colonel Redruth and the marquis were here alone, in a friendly conversation. Going to a distant window, Ignatia opened Miss Redruth's letter.

It contained simply an enclosure—a letter postmarked Canada.

Ignatia looked at the address in an utter horror. She recognized the handwriting as that of Captain Holm! As in the case of the previous letter forwarded by Miss Redruth, this letter was addressed to "Miss Jacobea Redruth, Redruth Moor."

It had been opened by its first recipient.

Ignatia sat down helplessly in the window seat. Her father and the marquis did not notice her agitation or her terror. Presently she found strength to unfold the letter of her enemy and scan its contents. It was dated only three weeks before. It was brief, and to the following purport:

"MISS JACOBEA REDRUTH,—Madame,—Nearly a year ago I met with an accident on Lake Ontario which had nearly resulted fatally. I was out in a boat with a fellow officer in a gale, and our boat was capsized. We were rescued by a lumber schooner on its way to a village upon the opposite coast. Both my friend and myself were conveyed to the American side of the lake, where, in consequence of our exposures, we lay ill for weeks. When we returned to Toronto we found that our friends had been informed of our deaths, and that most affecting obituary notices had been published to commemorate our untimely 'taking off.' It seems a pity to spoil a story so handsomely finished, but in justice to myself I must inform you that I really am not dead. My parents were immediately informed upon my return to Toronto that I still lived; and I believe the 'Army List' has made due correction of its statement of my decease. If it has not it does not matter. I understand that my wife is living in Italy, and that she is unmarried. I think she would hardly dare to marry again while I live. I desire you to forward to her this letter. I wish her to know that I still live! The law has freed her from my claims, but I regard her as my wife, and I will never yield her into the arms of another! She was my

wife once, and she is my wife still in my sight, and I am a law unto myself! Tell her we shall meet again in good time. For the present it is enough for her to know that I still live!

"Respectfully yours, Madam,
"CAPTAIN DIGBY HOLM."

The letter dropped from the hands of the young marchioness. With one long, shuddering cry of terror, she fell forward in a deadly swoon.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

INFLUENCE OF THE SOLAR ECLIPSE ON THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.—Mr. Dismilla Møller published, a short time ago, some observations on the course of the magnetic needle during the eclipse. On the 22nd of December last the needle followed its usual course until the commencement of the eclipse, then it went backwards till 1.53 p.m., when it attained its maximum declination at the time when the eclipse became total. Afterwards it resumed its movements westward, until it exactly took up the position it occupied before the commencement of the eclipse.

SOLVENT FOR INDIGO.—The extensive employment of indigo makes a new solvent of importance. In the first place, Venetian turpentine, heated to the point of ebullition, dissolves indigo with the same blue colour as does sulphuric acid or aniline. After cooling, magnificent copper-red crystals separate. The crystals can easily be freed from the solvent by ether or alcohol. Boiling paraffin is an equally good solvent. A somewhat dilute solution of indigo in paraffin can with difficulty be distinguished from alcoholic solution of fuchsin. Petroleum dissolves indigo with carmine red solution; so also spermaceti and stearic acid, the first with carmine violet, the last with blue colour.

WATER-PROOF GLUE.—One ounce of gum sandarac and one ounce of mastic are to be dissolved together in a pint of alcohol, to which an ounce of white turpentine is to be added. At the same time a very thick glue is to be kept ready, mixed with a little isinglass. The solution of the resins in alcohol is to be heated to boiling in a glue-pot, and the glue added gradually, with constant stirring, so as to render the whole mass homogeneous. After the mixture is strained through a cloth it is ready for use, and is to be applied hot. It dries quickly and becomes very hard, and surfaces of wood united by it do not separate when immersed in water.

THE CANDLE-BERRY TREE.—The candle-berry tree (*Aleurites triloba*) is well known in the Moluccas and the Pacific Islands on account of its valuable oil-seeds, which are strung on sticks and used for candles; the oil is also expressed and used for culinary purposes, and has been imported in small quantities into this country. In China another species of *Aleurites* (*A. cordata*), known as the Tungshu-tree, yields such an abundance of oil that it is said to be one of the largest products of the province of Szechuen. In point of quality it is inferior to that of the camellia, but it is very extensively used for lighting purposes.

PRESERVING FISH.—Fishes that have to be preserved in a rough-and-ready way for future reference and examination may be put, just as they are, into a confectioner's show-glass filled with common methylated spirit; in about a week the mucus and other impurities will have settled to the bottom in flocculent masses, the supernatant spirit will be as clear as water; then lift each one carefully out and wipe it gently over with a soft sponge moistened with spirits of ammonia, which will completely free it from slime and brighten it up; then place it in fresh methylated spirit, either in a show-glass or in a proper specimen glass with a ground-glass stopper.

THE APPROACHING SOLAR ECLIPSE.—With regard to the approaching total solar eclipse we have, as yet, nothing very definite to announce. We believe that an appeal is about to be made to Government, and, if this is so, we may trust anything that may be asked in the interests of science will readily be granted by the Government. It is unfortunate that the Astronomer Royal's official position prevents his joining in the request, for his experience in connection with the large expenditure (10,000*l.* have already been voted) incurred by him for the approaching observation of the transit of Venus, would be valuable in showing the necessity for the sum now required. This amounts to only a few hundreds in excess of the sum saved by the rigid economy practised by the committee appointed to organize the arrangements connected with the late expedition. We trust that the proposed arrangements will be brought before the British Association, in order that the influence of that important body may be made to bear upon this matter. All in order, provided our scientific leaders will put their shoulders to the wheel.

FRESH-WATER AND MARINE ANIMALS.—M. Felix Plateau has recently undertaken a number of ex-

periments to determine the question whether the cause of the death of fresh-water animals when removed to sea water, and of marine animals when removed to fresh-water, is the difference in the density or in the chemical constitution of the water. His observations were made mostly on various species of Articulata; he found that those fresh-water species which possess an aerial respiration can survive the change to salt water, while those which possess only a branchial and cutaneous respiration die quickly. By experimenting on water made denser by the solution of sugar, M. Plateau came to the conclusion that the density of the water is not the destructive agent, but a portion of the salts held in solution. The chlorides of sodium, potassium, and magnesium, he found to be very quickly fatal to fresh-water species, while the sulphates of magnesium and calcium had no prejudicial effect. In the same manner the death of marine animals in fresh water appeared due to the giving off of the sea-salt from their bodies to the surrounding fluid. All these facts he believes explicable from the laws of endosmosis and diffusion.

TESTING BY MEANS OF THE BLOWPIPE.—M. F. Jean states that sulphuret of sodium is one of the best blowpipe tests if used in the following manner:—First, a bead is made with borax and the substance to be tested, and this bead, having been made very fluid within the reduction-flame, there is added to it some dry and pulverised polysulphuret of sodium, and the bead again heated in the reduction-flame. If the substance under investigation can form a sulpho-acid, there will be formed a soluble sulpho-salt and a clear bead; but when no such salt can be formed, with lead, for instance, an opaque bead will be formed. Iron, lead, bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, thallium, silver, copper, uranium, etc., fused in a bead of borax, to which afterwards sulphuret of sodium is added, will yield a black or brown-coloured opaque bead; zinc yields a white opaque bead; cadmium, while yet hot, scarlet red, and yellow after cooling; manganese a dirty chestnut-brown; gold and platinum a clear, transparent, mahogany brown bead; tin a clear, transparent yellowish-brown bead; chromium a green bead; arsenic and antimony colourless clear beads; vanadium and iridium blood-red beads; a slight excess of the sulphuret of sodium is required, and the bead should be heated carefully, but steadily, and with a good blast in the reduction-flame.

MOTION OF THE STARS.

It is an old idea that the colour of a star may be influenced by its motion relatively to the eye of the spectator, so as to be tinted with red if it moves from the earth, or blue if it moves towards the earth. William Allen Miller, Huggins, and Maxwell showed how, by the aid of the spectroscopic, this idea may be made the foundation of a method of measuring the relative velocity with which a star approaches to or recedes from the earth.

The principle is, first, to identify, if possible, one or more of the lines in the spectrum of the star, with a line or lines in the spectrum of sodium, or some other terrestrial substance, then (by observing the star and the artificial light simultaneously by the same spectroscopic) to find the difference, if any, between their refrangibilities. From this difference of refrangibility the ratio of the periods of the two lights is calculated, according to data determined by Fraunhofer from comparisons between the positions of the dark lines in the prismatic spectrum and in his own "interference spectrum" (produced by substituting for the prism a fine grating).

A first comparatively rough application of the test by Miller and Huggins to a large number of the principal stars of our skies, including Aldebaran, Orionis, Pegasi, Sirius, Lyrae, Capella, Arcturus, Pollux, Castor (which they had observed rather for the chemical purpose than for this), proved that not one of them had so great a velocity as 315 kilometres per second to or from the earth, which is a most momentous result in respect to cosmical dynamics. Afterwards Huggins made special observations of the velocity test and succeeded in making the measurement in one case, that of Sirius, which he then found to be receding from the earth at the rate of 66 kilometres per second. This, corrected for the velocity of the earth at the time of the observation, gave a velocity of Sirius, relatively to the sun, amounting to 47 kilometres per second.

The minuteness of the difference to be measured, and the smallness of the amount of light, even when the brightest star is observed, render the observation extremely difficult. Still, with such great skill as Mr. Huggins has brought to bear on the investigation, it can scarcely be doubted that velocities of many other stars may be measured. What is now wanted is, certainly not greater skill, perhaps not even more powerful instruments, but more instruments and more observers. Lockyer's applications of the velocity test to the relative motions of different gases in the sun's photosphere, spots, chromosphere, and chromospheric prominences, and

his observations of the varying spectra presented by the same substance as it moves from one position to another in the sun's atmosphere, and his interpretations of these observations, according to the laboratory results of Frankland and himself, go far towards confirming the conviction that in a few years all the marvels of the sun will be dynamically explained according to known properties of matter.

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION.

In a very clear and able paper, by Mr. George Gore, F.R.S., on "The Aims and Methods of Scientific Instruction," the writer says:

"The chief objects of teaching science should be to educate the senses, to train the mind to habits of careful, trustworthy, and exact observation of material phenomena, to exercise the judgment in reasoning on those phenomena, their causes, operations and effects, and to impart a systematic knowledge of the facts and principles of science, of their varied manifestations in the material universe, and of their applications in arts, manufactures, and occupations. While scientific method (says Arnold) 'is getting more and more power upon the Continent, and while its application there is leading to very considerable results, we in England, having done marvels by the rule of thumb, are still inclined to disbelieve in the paramount importance of any methods but our own. The English notion is, that you come to do a thing right by doing it, and not by first learning how to do it right and then doing it.'"

"Faraday remarks, that if science is to be taught with success, it must be begun at an early age, because the faculties of youth are plastic, naturally disposed to observation, and to practical manipulation. It is not possible for adult persons to acquire these qualities fully unless they have shown during boyhood a decided predilection for that branch of study. In order that boys may learn science with success they ought to be previously instructed in elementary subjects, and should possess some acquaintance with mathematics, algebra, and geometry. Instruction in physics should precede instruction in chemistry. Boys are best prepared for instruction in chemical physics and chemistry, not by means of introductory popular lectures in these subjects, but by special tuition in mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, the simple properties of matter, and thereby proceed, in point of time, the subjects of chemical physics and chemistry."

The writer goes on to point out the uselessness of merely showing young people amusing experiments, and again quotes Faraday, who says:

"Lectures which really teach will never be popular, and lectures which are popular will never really teach."

After pointing out the importance of systematic teaching, the writer touches upon what is commonly called "technical education." He says:

"In this country commercial energy is great; the desire for gain largely swallows up the desire for learning; men wish to see how a knowledge of science will enable them to get money quickly. In consequence of this desire and of the recent transference of some of our trade to foreign nations, there has arisen a demand for some indefinitely understood 'technical education,' by means of which it is hoped to obtain an easier road to wealth. The extent to which this idea of 'technical education' can be carried has been found, in the Polytechnic schools in Germany, to be very limited; science cannot be readily taught in small detached fragments, applicable to single particular trades; it requires to be taught systematically; students must first learn the basis of science without much regard to its practical applications, and afterwards learn the uses of science in the arts."

Mr. Gore appears to think the great difficulty is to obtain good teachers. "At the present time," he says, "the teachers of science in our large schools are frequently amateurs, and consist, in some instances, of University men and others who have had only a few lessons in the subject before they commenced to teach; some are men possessed of a fair knowledge of science but without experience; the result is defective teaching. Some of the scientific professorships in our colleges are held by men who pursue science only as a means of living, and make no original investigations. Were such appointments conferred only on men who pursue science primarily from a love of the subject, the cause of scientific education would be greatly promoted. The teacher should have a higher dominant motive for labour than the pursuit of money." On the other hand, the writer complains of the want of encouragement given to science in this country. "The difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of properly qualified scientific teachers, under the present circumstances, is very manifest."

One of the School Board recently asked a little boy of Bath what was the name of Jehosaphat's mother. The scholar replied, "I do not know, and, wot's more, I do not care."

The Lay of a Mountain Sylph.

JOHN KNOX.

VOICE. *Dolce.*

I've left my home where vi'-lets gleam, Be-
I've stol'n the breath of a blushing rose, That

PIANO. *Andante Grazioso.*

pf *rall.* *dim.* *p*

scherzo. *dolce.*

- neath the sum-mer sky,..... And the brook - let chants a joy - ons theme To the wild bee roam - ing by:..... I have
bloom'd in my lone - ly bow'r,..... And watch'd me in my calm re - pose, In day - light's sul - try hour..... And

espres e lento. *p* *lento.*

wan-der'd a-way, o'er flood and fell, To the try - ting place to - night, Where the de - li-cate tints of the as - pho - del Are
jes'-mine buds I have cull'd to grace The locks of my au-burn hair, And now I am, love, at the try-ting place, In the

ad lib. *tempo e dolce.* *scherzo con anima.*

kissed by the fair moon - light. I have left my home where vi'-lets gleam Be - neath the sum-mer sky,..... To dance with thee in the
bliss of the night to share. I have, &c.

pp *pp stac.*

lento. *ad lib.* *3* *3*

pale moonbeam, To the shrill pipe mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, To the shrill pipe mer - ri - ly.....

rall. *dim.* *R.G.*

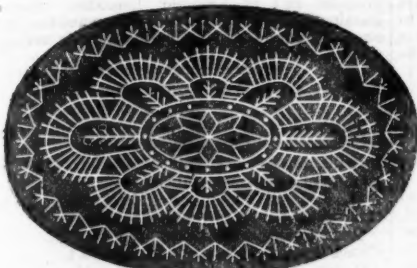
I've stol'n the breath of a blushing rose
That bloom'd in my lonely bower,
And watched me in my calm repose,
In daylight's sultry hour.

And jes'mine buds I have culled, to grace
The locks of my auburn hair;
And now I am, love, at the try-ting place,
In the bliss of the night to share.

ORNAMENTS FOR BASKETS, PART OF A KNITTED COVER, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

ORNAMENTS FOR BASKETS.—No. 1 & 2.

THESE ornaments are constructed of black or gray sarcenet with an embroidery of white silk, or coloured cloth may be employed and the designs formed of variegated silk.



ORNAMENT FOR A BASKET.—No. 1.

PART OF A KNITTED COVER.—No. 3. (Evans's Knitting Cotton.)

THE lace which surrounds the transparent foundation of this cover is knitting cotton of middling thickness, knitted with steel knitting needles in rows backwards and forwards.

Set on 48 stitches and for the 1st row wind 3 st to the right, pass one over the other, take up 1 st, knit off and draw the former over the latter, wind 1, take 1 off, knit 2 together, then 4 right, wind, 1 right, take off, wind, 3 right, wind, draw over, 1 right, take off, wind, *, twice repeated, 5 right.

2nd row.—Raise 1, 4 right, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat twice from *. Knit off the remaining stitches to the right.

3rd row.—Wind 1, 5 right, wind, draw over, wind, draw over, 4 right, wind, 3 st knitted together, wind, 5 right, knit 3 together, wind, 4 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat twice from *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 1 right.

The straight rows correspond with the 2nd row.

5th row.—Wind, 7 right, wind, draw one over the other, 5 right, take off, wind, 1 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat twice from *, 5 right.

7th row.—Wind, 9 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind, 6 right, take off, wind, 6 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind 2 right, repeat twice from *, take off, wind twice, repeat twice from *, take off, wind twice, draw one over the other, 1 right.

9th row.—Wind, 3 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, 1 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 6 right, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat twice from *, 5 right.

11th row.—Wind, draw one over the other twice, 4 right, wind, knit 2 together, wind, 8 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind, 2 right, twice repeat from *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 1 right.

13th row.—Wind, 3 right, take off, wind 2, draw

one over the other, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat twice from *, 5 right. From here diminish at the end of every straight row.

15th row.—Wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, take off, wind, take off, wind, 1 right, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, 7 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat from *, take off, wind 2, 2 right, repeat from *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 1 right.

17th row.—Wind, draw one over the other, 2 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind, take off, wind, 3 right, take off, wind, take off, wind, 3 right, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 6 right, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat from *, 5 right.

19th row.—Wind, draw one over the other, 7 right, take off, wind, take off, wind, 5 right, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, 5 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat from *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 1 right.

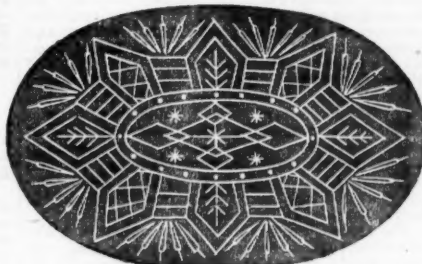
21st row.—Wind, draw one over the other, 5 right, wind, take off, wind, 7 right, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, take off, wind 2, *, right, repeat from *, 5 right.

23rd row.—Wind, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind, take off, wind, 1 right, wind, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind, 1 right,

up are of course worked with the extra needle. 2 right, take off. Now the last of the 3 upper stitches and the first of the stitches remaining on the extra needle are knitted together, wind, 7 right.

27th row.—Wind, knit 3 stitches together, wind, take off, wind, 5 right, wind, knit 3 st together, wind, 5 right, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, 1 right. Here observe the diminution according to design.

29th row.—Wind, 3 right, wind, draw one over the



ORNAMENT FOR A BASKET.—No. 2.

other, 1 right, take off, wind, 3 right, wind, draw one over the other, 1 right, take off, wind, 3 right, wind, draw one over the other, 1 right, take off, wind, 4 right, take off, wind, 3 right.

31st row.—Wind, 5 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, knit 3 together, wind, 5 right, wind, knit 3 st together, wind, 4 right, take off, wind, 4 right.

33rd row.—Wind, 7 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, draw one over the other, 5 right, take off, wind, 4 right, take off, wind, 1 right, take off, wind, 2, draw one over the other.

35th row.—Wind, 9 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind, 4 right, take off, wind, 6 right.

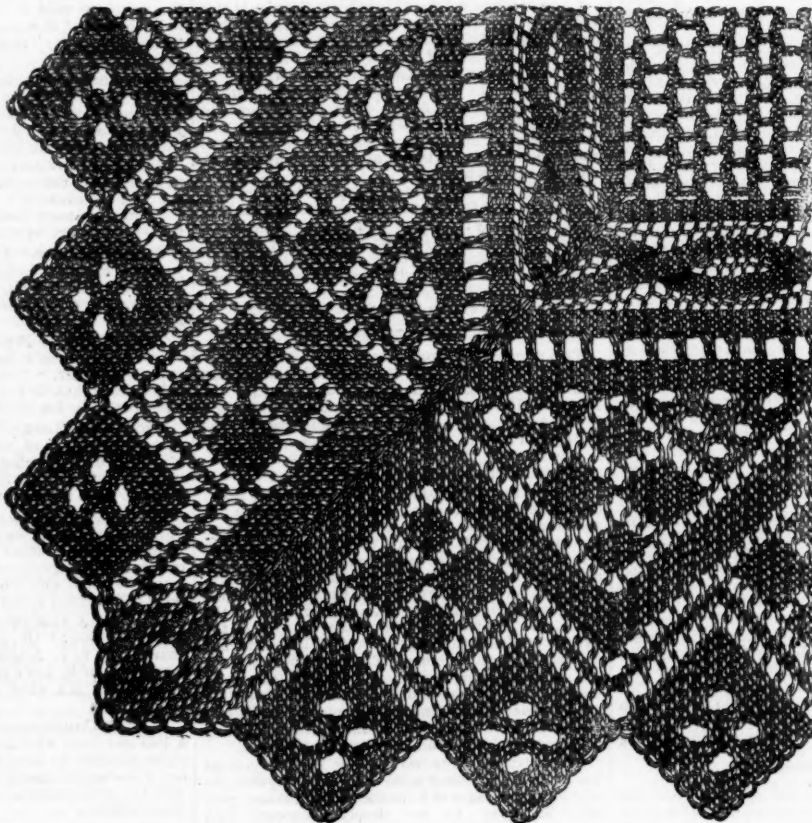
37th row.—Wind, 3 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, draw one over the other, 1 right, take off, wind, 4 right, take off, wind, 1 right, take off, wind 2, take off, 2 right.

39th row.—Wind, 13 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, knit 3 st together, wind, 4 right, take off, wind, 8 right.

41st row.—Wind, 3 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, wind, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind, 1 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other.

Here the diminishing at the end of the rows is resumed. For each angle repeat the design.

The practised knitter, guided by the illustration, will find no difficulty in accomplishing this beautiful piece of fancy work.



PART OF A KNITTED COVER.—No. 3.

wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, draw one over the other, 3 right, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, *, take off, wind, 2 right, repeat from *, take off, wind 2, draw one over the other, 1 right.

25th row.—Wind, draw one over the other, 1 right, take off, wind, take off, wind, 3 right, wind, draw one over the other, 4 right, wind, take off, 6 right, take off, wind, 1 right. Use another needle for taking up the three following stitches (see illustration), 1 right, take off, wind. The stitches just now taken

FASHIONS.

APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY, ETC.—Millions of the finest French needlework are sold for ornamenting linen and lace garments. This appliqué or transferred embroidery is greatly in vogue also for marking handkerchiefs, the initials of the name being sewed in one corner of the broad hem now seen on all pocket-handkerchiefs. Exquisitely wrought letters of point lace—the finest round point—are also shown for marking fans of satin or silk, or for inserting in the corner of a

linen cambric handkerchief bordered with point lace. These are leaning Italian capitals with a vine entwined around them. Square-meshed guipure net in frames, for making ties, and the materials for making the point lace work taught in our columns, are now to be found in many fancy shops.

A DAY WITH THE PIES.

PERHAPS some reader who was taught at school only Latin and Greek, and no really useful knowledge, may ask what are the Pies of Scotland. They are black-headed gulls, smallest and prettiest of all the English gulls, except indeed the little gull, the scarcest of strangers. Their heads are black and their backs are blue (not unlike Mr. Lear's Jumbies); their underclothing is brilliant white, and their delicate long bills and legs are red. There are three places in England where they breed; one is a reedy lake in Northumberland, another in Lincolnshire, the third is at Scoulton, near Wymondham, in Norfolk, where their eggs are usually taken to the amount of nine or ten thousand a-year, and sold in Norwich market, the last lay being always respected; but for two or three years they have all been left, as the gulls seemed to be diminishing.

The approach to the Mere is through a beautiful shrubbery, which leads to Woodrising Hall; the Mere itself is of considerable size, with two islands, one small, but standing very high above the water, and with a summer-house on the top, buried in trees. The other island is large, flat, and marshy, with reeds growing far into the water round it. I was disappointed, as we rowed along, at seeing only some twenty or thirty of the gulls flying about at the farther end of the lake, instead of the multitudes I had expected; but, on rounding a corner of the larger island, one of the party gave a shout, and in a moment there sprang up from the reeds at least a thousand of these beautiful birds, filling the air with their cries. The noise at a distance is like a very soft caw-cawing of rooks, though when you come near it has a somewhat harsh and guttural sound—but perhaps they were angry at our intrusion.

As we approached the scene became one of the most unique character. The lake is surrounded with trees; all were in their bright spring verdure, lighted up by a brilliant sun, and against this background were to be seen the sparkling white forms of the gulls as they flew round and round, and up and down, in every imaginable direction. Nothing can be more graceful than their flight; every movement is a gentle curve, and the contrast of their black heads with the whiteness of their bodies adds extremely to the effect as they skim past. They showed by their tameness that they knew perfectly well we had no evil intentions. Every now and then one would plump into the water close by us, and examine us carefully with his bright black eye; after satisfying himself about us he would rise softly and rejoin his companions.

The nests are made by pressing three or four of the reed plants down, and so forming a soft platform resting on the thick stems, and raised about a foot above the water. The first nest we saw contained young birds, covered with long down, brown in colour, with blackish stripes down the back. We took one or two very young ones out of the nests to examine them, to the extreme indignation of the parents, who dashed so close past my head as I held them in my hands that I thought they would knock my hat off. The boatman said they often actually do this to him, but then they know him better. Plenty of larger young ones might be seen stealing away over the mud under the reeds, or swimming between them. One little fellow had a mind to test our speed and set off across the water to the shore. We rowed after him as quickly as we could, but he got safe under the bank, and so far beneath it that the longest arm could not reach him. Some of the nests still contained eggs, green, blotched with black, like plover's eggs, but larger, blunter, and far less delicious to eat. After the first alarm the gulls for the most part settled again among the reeds, but a shout always brought them up again, and at once the air became filled with waving wings and shining plumage.

A. Z.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—A singular circumstance has come to our knowledge with regard to the four millions of francs supposed to have been taken from the Hôtel de Ville, and hidden by the band of Communists during the pillage. A woman, by name Eglé Lamoignon, had been boasting to a group of soldiers that she had been in her youth the very somnambule who had discovered the treasures buried in the garden of the presbytery of Notre Dame des Victoires, which had rendered M. Desgenettes, the former curé of the parish, very rich. Madame Eglé, now an elderly woman, mentioned at the same time that the gift of clairvoyance had completely deserted her, and that she had fallen into poverty in consequence. "Why don't you try

now?" said a young man of the *troupe*; "the opportunity is a good one, for I know that a great part of the treasure of the Ville was concealed by Rignaut's orders when the building was set fire to." "Ay, but where's the magnetiser?" returned Madame Eglé. "I am one by profession," answered the young soldier; "I am the son of the great Mariellet." Thereupon he began to make his passes and contrepases, and, to the surprise of all, Madame Eglé soon fell into as complete a magnetic slumber as when in the days of her youth she had obeyed the magic wand of Dupotet. The hiding-place of the treasure was revealed, and the treasure recovered. The Municipality have ensured to Madame Eglé Lamoignon an annuity of 500 francs in consideration of the great service rendered to the city.

SPANISH CUSTOMS.

THE agility of the Spaniards in leaping, climbing, and walking has been a subject of constant admiration to travellers. Mr. Jacob, in his letters from Spain, says:

"We have frequently known a man on foot to start from a town with us, who were well mounted, and continue his journey with such rapidity as to reach the end of the stage before us, and announce our arrival with officious civility. A servant, also, whom we hired at Malaga, has kept pace with us ever since, and, though no more than seventeen years of age, he seems incapable of being fatigued by walking. I have heard the agility of the Spanish peasants and their power of enduring fatigue attributed to a custom which, though it may probably have nothing to do with the cause, deserves notice for its singularity. A young peasant never sleeps upon a bed till he is married; before that event he rests on the floor, in his clothes, which he never takes off but for the purposes of cleanliness; and during the greater part of the year it is a matter of indifference whether he sleeps under a roof or in the open air.

"I have remarked that though the Spaniards rise very early, they generally keep late hours, and seem most lively and alert at midnight; this may be attributed to the heat of the day, and to the custom of sleeping after their meals at noon, which is so general that the towns and villages appear quite deserted from one till four o'clock. The labours of the artificer and the attention of the shopkeeper are suspended during these hours, and the doors and windows of the latter are closely shut, as at night or upon a holiday."

Although the Spanish peasantry treat with politeness every man they meet, they expect an equal return of civility; and to pass them without the usual expression, "*Vaya usted con Dios*," or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of *Caballeros*, would be risking an insult from the people, who, though civil and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attention.

THE number of decorations worn in Paris is surprising. There seems to be a mania for displaying a morsel of ribbon at a button-hole. Besides the Legion of Honour there is the "Star of the Brave" for all who mounted guard on the ramparts, and the distinction for the "honour of having taken part in the sortie." To end the matter, it has been suggested to decorate everybody.

EMANCIPATED BRIGANDS.—The arrival at Rome of the celebrated brigand Gasparoni, with the six survivors of his band, caused some sensation. Having completed the term of thirty years' incarceration without having been regularly prosecuted, they are now, according to an ancient pontifical law, free. Gasparoni is 70 years of age, and the youngest of his companions is 67. He, along with four of the party, has been received into the Hospice of the Trinità de Pellegrini; the other two have returned to their respective homes. These terrible old men are, of course, very picturesque in their mountain costumes, with their snowy hair and beards falling upon their breasts and shoulders, and a visit to them will, during the rest of their lives, probably become one of the "things to be done at Rome."

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—A French journal has recently published some interesting figures, representing the ages of a number of celebrated persons belonging to or closely connected with France. Obscure quadragenarians will doubtless be glad to hear that the youngest one of those deemed celebrated is upwards of forty. Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the youngest French prima donna who has obtained European fame, is the most juvenile on the list, and she is already forty-one. The youngest, and certainly the most active, of the politicians, is Prince Bismarck, who is fifty-six. His late antagonists, M. Jules Favre and M. Adolphe Thiers, are respectively sixty-two and seventy-four; while the veteran Guizot has attained the age of eighty-four. Comic acting seems to have agreed with Arnal as well as comic writing has with Paul

de Kock, both these humourists having reached the age of seventy-seven. Arnal, we believe, has retired from the stage; but Paul de Kock published a novel—wherein, as in so many others from the same practised pen, the hero eats something which at a critical moment disagrees with him—just before the late war. The youngest of the celebrated composers is Offenbach, who is forty-nine. Verdi is fifty-seven, Wagner fifty-eight, Victor Hugo and Girardin are sixty-nine. The lively Mlle. Dajazet, who still plays what are technically known as "brooches parts," is seventy-three, which is also the age of Michelet and of Frédéric Lemaître. Marshal Bazaine is sixty, Marshal MacMahon and Garibaldi are sixty-four; General Charnigarnier is seventy-eight.

FACETIÆ.

THE young lady whose feelings were "all worked up" has ordered a fresh supply.

If the ants give an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

WHY is your chambermaid immortal? She returns to dust every day without dying.

THE woman who makes a good pudding in silence is better than one that makes a tart reply.

CAPILLARY DANGERS.—A fashionable lady lately dropped one of her eyebrows in the church pew, and dreadfully frightened a young man sitting next to her, who thought it was his moustache.

A POSER.—An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a shopman a few days ago by inquiring if he had any "yallor developments such as they did up letters in."

AN INQUISITIVE YOUTH.—"Pa, has the world got a tail?" asked an urchin of his father. "No, child," replied the father, "how could it have one when it's round?" "Well, why do the papers say 'so wags the world,' if it hasn't got a tail to wag?"

LIGHT.—A lady, having bought a pound of tea, the merchant said he would send it home. "Oh, no," she said, "it is not inconvenient as it is light." "Well," said he, "it is as light as I could possibly make it."

CHILDISH CANDOUR.—"Patty," a lady called to a little girl who was in the parlor, "did you tell your mother that I was here?" "Yes'm," answered Patty, demurely. "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Oh, my, that dreadful woman here again!'"

STRICTLY PHILOSOPHICAL.—"Sam, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes towards the south in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de climate ob de norf, and goes to de souf, where 'spierience warmer longitude."

UNANSWERABLE.—A fellow was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink a quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

THE HEIGHT OF INDOLENCE.—"Is your brother-in-law really such a lazy man?" asked one gentleman of another. "Lazy!" was the reply, "why he's so lazy that he has an artist employed by the month to draw his breath with a crayon."

BEGINNING LIFE.—The remark of a contemporary that many of our successful lawyers commenced life as preachers is gracefully corrected by one of the legal gentlemen referred to, who begs leave to state that he began life as an infant.

A USEFUL MIRROR.—At a certain hotel a large mirror is placed at the entrance of the dining-hall, which is so constructed that you see yourself a thin, cadaverous, hungry person; but when you come out from the table and look again in the glass your body is distended to the extremity of corpulence.

A PRECOCIOUS JUVENILE.

Fond Mother: "Oh, yes, Johnny is an uncommon sharp boy; now, Johnny, you admire that gentleman very much, don't you?"

Johnny: "Ma, what makes that man's nose so sharp?"

A SUBTLE CONCLUSION.—An idle man once asked a coal merchant what a peck of coal multiplied by eight, divided by four, with a ton added to them and a bushel subtracted would come to. "Well," said the coal merchant, "if you burn 'em they'll come to ashes."

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—For an auctioneer's wife, Biddy; for a soldier's wife, Sally; for a sportsman's wife, Betty; for a fisherman's wife, Natty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a tannerman's wife, Carrie; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a printer's wife, Em.; for a druggist's wife, Ann-Elisa.

AN ABSSENT-MINDED MAN.—Rogers, the poet, related the following story:—My old friend, Maltby, the brother of the bishop, was a very absent man. One day at Paris, in the Louvre, we were looking at the pictures, when a lady entered who spoke to me and kept me some minutes in conversation. On rejoining Maltby I said, "That was Mrs. Venn. We

have not met so long she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers." Maltby, still looking at the picture, said, "And was it?"

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—An artist, showing his pictures to a customer, received the following short rebort:—"Well, I don't think much of this," holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it? Why, that's a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, sir!" "Rare? I have no doubt it's rare—it certainly is not *well done*!"

VERY LIKE.—An old gentleman of eighty married a young wife, and in due course of time was presented with a son. On the day of christening the nurse handed young master about, with the usual exclamation that he was "the very image of his papa." "Very like, indeed," said a lady; "he has no teeth."

ADVANTAGES OF BEING FAT.—A few nights ago a bulky lady, alarmed by the approach of burglars, leaped out of bed with such force that she shook the house from garret to cellar, awakening a male lodger who slept on the lower floor, and frightening away the burglars before they had time to secure anything.

CHICKENNESS REWARDED.—A very smart boy, on his return from college, attempted to prove that two were equal to three. Pointing to a roasted chicken on the table, he said:—"Is not that one?" Then pointing to another, "Is not that two?" and do not one and two make three?" Whereupon his father said: "Wife, you take one and I'll take the other, and our smart boy can have the third for his dinner."

BENEATH HIM.—A California lady gave offence to one of the English High Commissioners, who was speaking of the Golden State. "Aw, yes," said the gentleman, "fine place, no doubt, but shouldn't care to live there, you know. You have earthquakes there, and they are such shocking nuisances." The lady laughed, and said to a bystander, "What an excellent joke! He calls earthquakes 'shocking nuisances.'" "Madam," said the supposed wit, moving away with offended dignity "I never pun."

A TERRIBLE DANGER.—An old lady read an item in one of the papers the other day describing how a grindstone burst in a saw factory and killed four men. She just happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in her cellar leaning up against the wall. So she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning the servant girl and holding the pie-board in front of her so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out in the alley, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown on it, and a stick was stuck up bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it's a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before this.

THINGS WORLDLY AND THINGS SPIRITUAL.

There was a man in a certain congregation who could pray well and talk well in the meetings, but whose dealings in his shop were dishonest. Every one who traded with him looked out sharply that he was not cheated. Yet he seemed most fervently in earnest when he was praying. His emotions would rise almost to ecstasy, and it was evident that he believed in them himself. He regarded himself as a very pious man.

Once, when detected in a dishonourable act, a faithful brother asked him how he could reconcile such things with his prayers and exhortations in the conference meeting.

"Oh, Mr. B.," he said, with some impatience, "you are always confounding things worldly and things spiritual."

TELLING HIS EXPERIENCE.

"Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of a church in Millford," says a clergyman, "I took occasion one evening to attend a social meeting in another church of that place. As is their custom on such occasions, one after another gave in his or her experience. After a time a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and with an effeminate, squeaking voice, arose to give a piece of his experience, which was done in the following manner:

"Brethren, I have been a member of the church for many years. I have seen hard times; my family has been much afflicted, but I have for the first time in my life to see my pastor or any of the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door."

"No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience than he was suddenly interrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose and said, in a loud, firm voice:

"My dear brother, you must put the fiend behind you."

"On taking his seat the pastor in charge rose, and also replied to the little man as follows:

"My dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

"Whereupon the little man rose again, and in answer said, in a very loud tone of voice:

"Yes, and if I'd been a *fat* one you would have found me long ago."

"The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described."

TWO QUESTIONS.

ADOWN the rose-edged meadows

Two happy children strayed,

And one was a boy with apple-round cheeks,

And one was a seven-summers' maid;

And they laughed and they shouted and frolicked

Till their faces were all a-light,

And their hair was a tangle of chestnut-brown,

And a tangle of golden-white.

For it was a holiday morning,

And the grass was half-waist high;

And there wasn't a fault in the earth around,

Nor a fault in the cloudless sky.

The brown bee hummed to the clover

As he ravished its crimson cells,

And the air was full of sweet sounds as though

It were hung with silver bells.

And when the little feet were tired

As little feet could be,

They sat them down in the pleasant shade

Of a stately oak tree,

And many and gay were the songs they sang,

And quaint the tales they told,

Of courtly dame, and castle gray,

Of knight and warrior bold.

And, by-and-bye, as mischief full

As robin that sang o'erhead,

The boy stole close to the little maid,

And "Do you love butter?" he said,

As he laid against her dimpled chin

A buttercup newly blown.

And looked to see if its golden face

Was mirrored within her own.

Never a white lid darted down

Over those innocent eyes,

Neither did sweet confusion stain

Her cheek with its red-rose dyes;

Why should the blue eyes seek to hide?

Or the pure cheek blush, I pray?

He was a child, and she was a child,

And 'twas summer holiday!

Along the country highway

A youth and a maiden strolled,

The time, it was ten years after,

And the June was three days old.

And they walked with lingering feet, as loth

To leave so fair a scene;

And their speech was low as the scented

wind,

With many a pause between.

The breath of thyme and sweet-briar

Perfumed the mellow air,

And the Sun, supreme magician,

Worked wonders everywhere;

He turned the lake to a yellow topaz,

The road to a ribbon of gold,

And crowned alike, with a rainbow crown,

Rich meadow and barren wold.

He pierced, with darts of scintillant fire,

The heart of his mistress's earth;

He filled with a misty light mirk caves,

Where the gloomiest shades have birth;

He kissed the haggard brow of Pain;

He smiled on Toll's rough head—

And one forgot his griefs, and one

His daily strife for bread.

And while this mighty soul of light

Wrought marvels through the land

The young man took and fondly pressed

The maiden's little hand;

He held no king's cup under her chin,

Nor flower of grove or lea,

And instead of "Do you love butter?"

He asked "Do you love me?"

F. S. B.

GEMS.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor,

caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

FLATTERY—the hoens-pocus nonsense with which our ears are sometimes cajoled, in order that we may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed it is half discovered.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO RESTORE MILDEWEED LINEN.—Soap the spots, and, while wet, cover them with fine chalk, scraped to powder, and well rubbed in.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Our numerous lady readers may find the following recipe acceptable: Crush the berries with a wooden pestle in a wooden tub or bucket; draw off all the juice, and add to it an equal quantity of water, and two pounds of refined sugar for each gallon of mixture. Keep it in jars till the fermentation is complete, then bottle and cork it up. A second fermentation will take place in the ensuing spring, during which another pound of sugar should be added to each gallon. The wine thus prepared will keep well, and improve by age.

STATISTICS.

SAVINGS BANKS.—At the close of the last savings-banks year on 20th November, 1870, there were 496 (trustee) savings banks in operation in the United Kingdom, with 1,384,756 accounts open, and 37,959,328*l.* due to depositors—namely, 31,603,290*l.* in England and Wales, 3,823,458*l.* in Scotland, 2,062,934*l.* in Ireland, and 459,646*l.* in the Channel Islands. To meet this liability the trustees had in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners 37,780,289*l.* on general account, and 379,910*l.* separate surplus fund, and the treasurers of the banks had 296,220*l.* in hand, making in all 38,456,419*l.* The year's expenses of management were 130,415*l.*, averaging 6*s.* 9*d.* per cent. on capital. The rate of interest averaged 2*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* per cent. There were in the year 1,505,544 receipts from depositors, and the average amount was 4*l.* 12*s.*; and there were 911,438 payments to depositors, the amount averaging 8*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* The Post-office savings banks had deposits at the end of the year 1870 amounting to 15,099,104*l.*, making, with the deposits in the trustee savings banks, as ascertained on 20th November, a total of 53,058,432*l.* As compared with the amounts a year previously, the trustee savings banks show an increase of 404,772*l.*, and the Post-office savings banks an increase of 1,574,895*l.*, making a total increase of 1,979,667*l.* deposits in savings banks in the year 1870.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE census returns show the population of New South Wales to be 502,000.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—The German soldiers have received a medal commemorative of the French campaign. The riband has the three national colours, white, black, and red.

A NEW LIGHTHOUSE.—The foundation-stone of a new lighthouse has been laid at the Longships, off Land's End. The lighthouse will be 116 feet above high water, and the light will be seen at the distance of sixteen miles.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S STATUE.—A model of a statue, to be erected to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, has been placed *pro tem.* in Parliament Square, Palace Yard, immediately opposite the principal entrance to the House of Commons. The statue, when executed, will be eight feet in height, and promises to be a fine work of art.

THE annual average number of visitors to the Crystal Palace during the first five years, beginning in May, 1854, was 1,293,113; during the next five years the annual average rose to 1,614,840; during the five years ending 1868 the annual average has been 1,834,714; the average for the years 1869 and 1870 was 2,029,703, being an increase of 185,989.

MR. REED'S NEW DIGNITY.—His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia has brought from his brother, the Emperor of Russia, the Star of the Imperial Order of St. Stanislaus of the First Class, to be conferred on Mr. E. J. Reed, C.B., late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, in consequence of his recent visit to the Imperial dockyards and arsenals.

THE CELEBRATED TAGLIONI.—The French journals are at present speaking of the death of the celebrated dancer Taglioni, although the event took place some time back on the Lake of Como, at the age of 102 years. The success of his daughter in her father's profession is still remembered. His son is now ballet-master at the Berlin Opera; and his grand-daughter married the Prince Alexander Troubetzkoi.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHILLY SHALLY's note is incomprehensible.

H. R. (Whitegate).—You must write direct to the publisher.

A CONSTANT READER.—Public-houses were compelled to close at ten o'clock on Sunday evenings in the year 1854. This hour was altered to eleven in the year 1855.

GRATEFUL.—Upon such subjects as that about which you write the less said the better. To relinquish a bad habit is well; to persistently maintain such a resolution and yet to forget all about it, is better.

HARRY.—If gelatine is dissolved in glycerine by means of heat it affords a solution that, on being applied to pickle, wine, and other corked bottles, entirely excludes the air, far exceeding sealing-wax in efficacy.

MOSA.—The appearance arises from a disturbed state of health, and can be corrected by a proper attention to food, air, exercise, and good habits. The precise prescription needful for you being dependent upon a knowledge of your constitution should be given by a surgeon or physician.

WALTER N.—If water, from which every particle of air has been extracted, be heated above the boiling point, it will not give off much steam. But if any rough-surfaced body be dropped therein the liquid will be instantly converted into steam with enormous explosive force.

PICKWICK.—You must abide by the understanding which existed at the time the indenture was signed. In all probability it contains words which cover the services to which you allude, which may also form part of the consideration in respect of which you are instructed in the more legitimate branches of your calling.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—A husband who permanently puts an end to cohabitation with his wife against her consent is guilty of desertion, although he may continue to support her. The words "desertion without cause" in sec. 25 of 30 and 31 Victoria, cap. 85, mean "desertion without reasonable cause," and are equivalent to "desertion without reasonable excuse."

DELTA.—The replies are very carefully perused and attended to, and there would be but small doubt of your wishes being complied with if your own communication contain all necessary particulars and be written in good faith. Of course it must be remarked that every announcement does not invariably attract a response. Your letter now under notice is remarkable for its omissions.

AN INQUIRER.—The man must take the money to the mother, or other person appointed by the justices to have care of the child. Imprisonment will not pay the debt. Subject to a limit mentioned in the act a man may be imprisoned until arrears and expenses are paid. If a woman suffer payments to be in arrears for more than thirteen successive weeks without applying to a justice they cannot recover for more than thirteen weeks.

PATER.—According to Professor Frankland, the following articles of ordinary food have the relative power of sustaining respiration and circulation in the body of an average man during a period of twenty-four hours. In each instance the amount required is stated in ounces: Cheshire cheese, 3; potatoes, 13.50; flour of wheat, etc., 3.50; bread, 6.50; lean beef, 9.25; lean veal, 11.50; lean boiled ham, nearly 3; fish, from 3.50 to 16; white of eggs, 23; milk, 21.25; cabbage, 32; butter and cocoa nibs, about 2; cod-liver oil, 1.50; lump sugar, 4 ounces.

A. I.—In September, 1863, an enormous floating dock, built at North Woolwich, on the Thames, was launched, intended for use at Bermuda, for docking naval vessels. Its extreme length was 384 feet, breadth 124 feet, breadth inside the dock 124 feet, total depth 75 feet 6 inches. It was constructed in the form of a double semi-cylindrical canal and weighed 8,400 tons. It could be raised or lowered for docking vessels by pumping in air or water respectively, for which purpose eight steam engines and pumps were provided. It was capable of docking the largest-sized war vessel.

H. S. B.—The rhymes are fair enough; many worse effusions have been printed upon valentines, and similar so-called tokens of friendship or love. For all this, your praises of contentment and your homage paid to love are unattractive. They are characterised by that untutored sentiment which is so unreal because it is so soft. The lines are written in a dreamy, indolent spirit, which has managed to utter a few one-sided truths, but which will scarcely elicit from an ordinary reader the patience necessary to carry him to the end. When maturity supervenes, the superficiality of such stuff as valentines contain becomes apparent, and the mother as she turns over in her drawer the effusions she received in her youth

smiles at their weakness, and feels that they are powerless to represent either the ardour of her love or the serenity of her contented hope.

INSPECTOR.—It has long been known that by means of the microscope the blood of different animals could be distinguished one from another, but when the blood stains were dry great difficulties occurred. By means of the spectroscopic these have been overcome. By that instrument the presence of different metals in flame, even in the sun, may be detected by the bands or colours they form in the prismatic spectrum. Applying a modified form of the spectroscopic, each chemical constituent of the blood stain may be detected, and thus a valuable means of examination is afforded, especially in respect to a case of suspected murder.

INDUSTRY.—Sir David Brewster, F.R.S., died on the 8th of February, 1868, at his seat near Melrose, N.B., aged 67. He was one of the most eminent philosophers of his day. He was best popularly known by his optical researches, but especially by the invention of the kaleidoscope and stereoscope. His researches and discoveries extended to every branch of experimental philosophy. He was the author and editor of many scientific works, periodicals, etc., one of the chief being the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He was one of the founders of the British Association, and, at the time of his death, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

I WONDER WHY!

I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys,
And others only feel the cares!
I wonder why the sunbeams bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat,
While others faint and thirsty go!
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
O'erflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
Unblest with aught of tenderness!
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

Ah! well; we may not know indeed
The whys, the wherefores of each life;
But this we know—there's One who sees
And watches us through joy or strife.
Each life its mission here fulfils,
And only He may know the end;
And loving Him, we can be strong
Though storm or sunshine He may send.

H. A.

JOHN (Bedford).—The term "captive" is applied to balloons whose motion in the air is restrained to any particular place by means of a rope reaching to the ground, by which the position and height of the balloon can be regulated at pleasure. In the summer of 1868 the largest of its kind was exhibited near London; it had a cubic capacity of 300,000 feet, an ascensional power equal to 11 tons, from which however had to be deducted the weight of car and rope, the latter weighing about 4 tons. It was capable of carrying thirty people, with ballast. To render its ascending power as great as possible, pure hydrogen was obtained from water, in place of coal gas was used. The resistance or ascensional power of the balloon required a 300 horse-power engine to overcome it and draw it down.

C. T.—If there is anything in the few lines which you have submitted to us in the shape of an essay, it must be found in the distinction you would make between the words "wife" and "unmarried woman." We apprehend, however, that this is a distinction without a difference, and that therefore it is not unnecessary to use an adjective when attention is directed to any distinguishing quality which may attach to the special individual. If you had established your propositions that a wife is essentially a good woman, and that a bad married woman is no wife, you would still want a phrase to denote the precise kind of goodness or badness by which each is marked. But your positions are untenable; there is no point in the distinction of words. All that you say in effect is that a married woman should be good. We quite agree to that.

MORAN.—It is perfectly legal to marry your cousin of whatever degree he may be. The only marriages which are now illegal in respect of proximity of degree are those between any persons in the ascending and descending line, and those between collaterals, to the third degree inclusive. The sum of degrees is computed from (but exclusively of) one of the persons related up to the common stock and so down to the other person. Thus for first cousins you can count up to your grandfather (the common stock) and down to your first cousin, by which means you will find that your first cousin is related to you in the fourth degree. Since the prohibition as regards collaterals only extends to the third degree inclusive, you may therefore marry your first cousin, or cousin german as he is more generally called. Your great-grandfather is the common stock of your second cousin and yourself, and by the same method of computation you will find that your second cousin is related to you in the sixth degree. You should always remember that the prohibition in the case of collaterals extends not only to those related by blood, but also to those related by marriage.

W. E. H.—The nutritive properties of bread depend on the starch and gluten it contains. Wheat starch, like all other kinds, affords heat to the body during digestion, whilst the gluten, containing as it does nitrogen, repairs the loss of the tissues. Formerly the cells of the bread

composed of gluten were formed by adding yeast or leaven, by the action of which, through fermentation and decomposition, carbonic acid is produced; this gas getting into the gluten raises the dough—that is, forms the cells. This plan, however, is at once wasteful, and frequently injurious, hence many other methods have been proposed by way of improvement. One plan is that of producing the carbonic acid by mixing with the flour due proportions of carbonate of soda and hydrochloric acid, the products of which are common salt and carbonic acid gas. Another method, that by which the "aerated bread" is produced, is that of Dr. Daughia. The carbonic acid is formed in a separate vessel, then mixed, under high pressure, with water; this liquid is then mixed, also under pressure, with the flour, and the dough so formed, on being allowed to escape from the vessel, is light, porous, and makes pure, nutritious, and wholesome bread. Machinery is employed in the process, hence it is perfectly clean.

FAIRY QUEEN, eighteen, medium height, a blonde. Respondent must not be over twenty; a sailor preferred. BERNARD R., seventeen, 5ft. 3in., fair and good looking, would like to marry a young lady of similar age, of a loving disposition, and with a little money.

E. K., nineteen, medium height, fair and loving, would like to marry a dark young man, rather tall, age about twenty-four; a carpenter preferred.

A. D. T., eighteen, 5ft. 10in., dark, good looking, brown eyes. Respondent must be good looking, kind, affectionate, fond of home, about same age and height. A native of Scotland preferred.

GIRTY QUEEN, tall, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, loving and fond of home. Respondent must not be over twenty-three, and have dark curly hair; a midshipman preferred.

SPANKING JACK, twenty-seven, 5ft. 10in., captain of main top and gunnery instructor, wishes to marry a nice young woman, able to play the piano, fond of home and children. He has a dark complexion, light hair and whiskers.

FELIX, thirty-two, 5ft. 3in., black hair, large dark eyes, dark complexion, good looking, affectionate, refined, intellectual, steady, and fond of home and music. Respondent must be a pretty young lady or widow with some income, and of a loving disposition.

ALICE, twenty, tall, fair complexion, light brown hair, hazel eyes, pretty, good tempered, and has expectations. Respondent must be tall, fair, have light brown hair, gray eyes, be in a good trade, and about twenty-one years of age.

EUGENIE and LUCIA—"Eugenie," twenty-one, tall, dark hair and eyes, good tempered and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, dark, and in the navy. "Lucia," twenty-five, tall, fair, light hair, blue eyes, good tempered and loving. Respondent must be tall, fair, and in the navy.

A. B. C. is desirous of an opportunity to become a good husband to some nice young woman with dark hair and eyes and a loving disposition. "A. B. C." has an income sufficient to maintain a wife comfortably, and is moreover very energetic and persevering. He is twenty-three years old, rather tall, and with brown hair and hazel eyes.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

CHINA JACK is responded to by—"Nelly H.," who thinks she may suit him. She is a widow with two little girls, ages six and three, has a good business and a small but comfortable home, is dark complexioned, little, and of agreeable manners, has a loving disposition, and would make a good wife.

MAGGIE by—"William," twenty-three, tall, dark, and will give love for love.

HARRY by—"Benjamin," twenty-two, tall, dark, and willing to exchange love for love.

ANNE by—"Robert Burns," eighteen, hazel eyes, brown curly hair, a member of the Catholic Church; would like to exchange cars.

LILY and ETHEL by B. and B.—"Benvenuto," twenty-eight, a steady and good-tempered gentleman, in a learned profession, would like to correspond with Lily; and—"Benvenuto," twenty-one, a friend in the same profession, and good looking, would like to correspond with Ethel. Both have exceedingly good prospects.

J. A. would like to receive the carts of "Anne." He is twenty-one, 5ft. 3in., very good looking, has an income of 125l. per annum, and is a member of the Catholic Church.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot insert the communications from the following correspondents on account of insufficiency of description and other irregularities:—"Earnest Tom," "All Alone," "X. Y. Z.," "Jehu," "A Mariner," "Joseph," "Adeline," "Sophia B.," "Minnie and Laura," "Little Nell," "Honey-suckle," "Bella," and "The Twins."

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N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C.

†† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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